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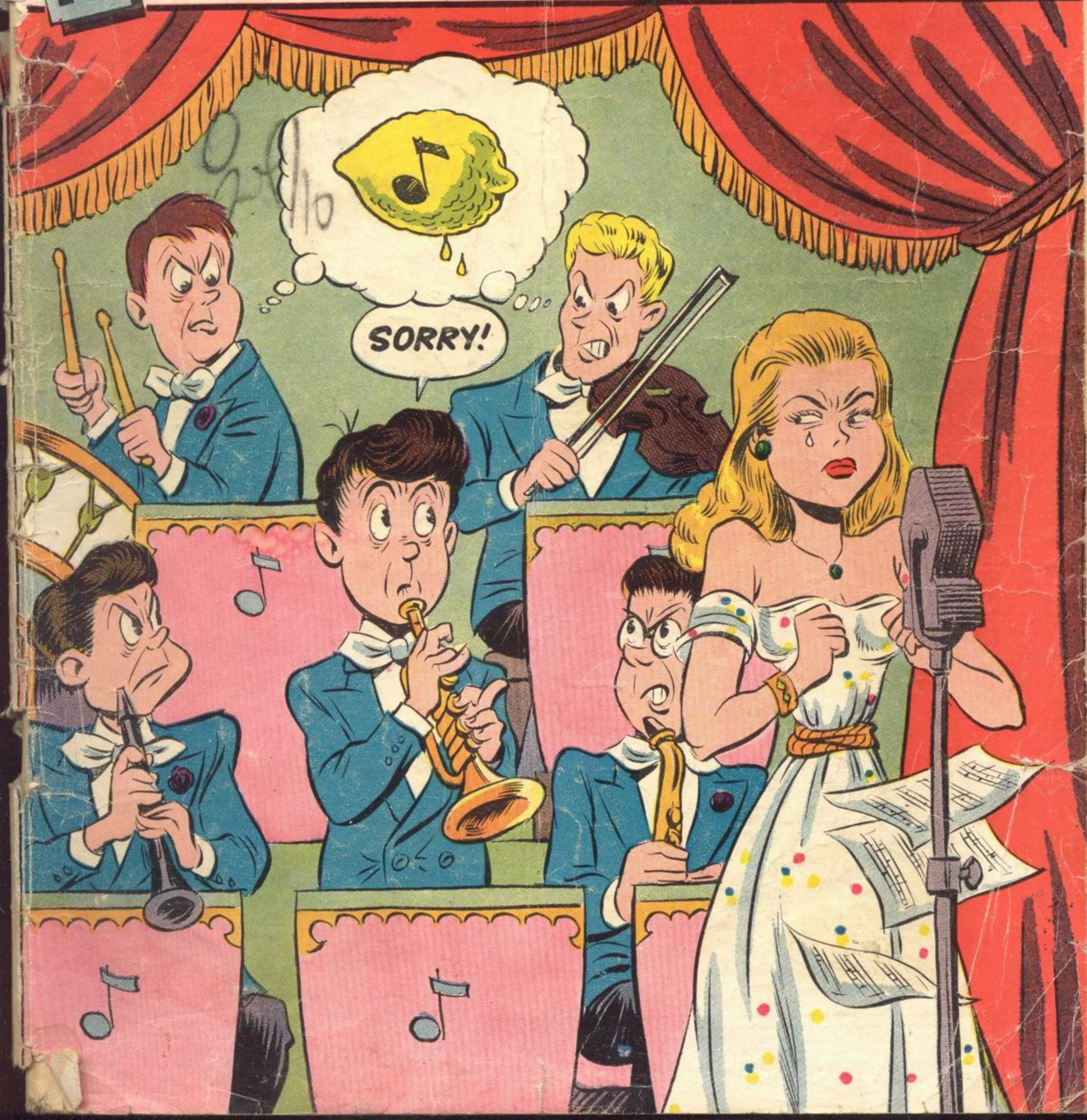
DEC.-JAN.

COOKIE

IND.

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



WUXTRY!

COMICS MAGAZINE

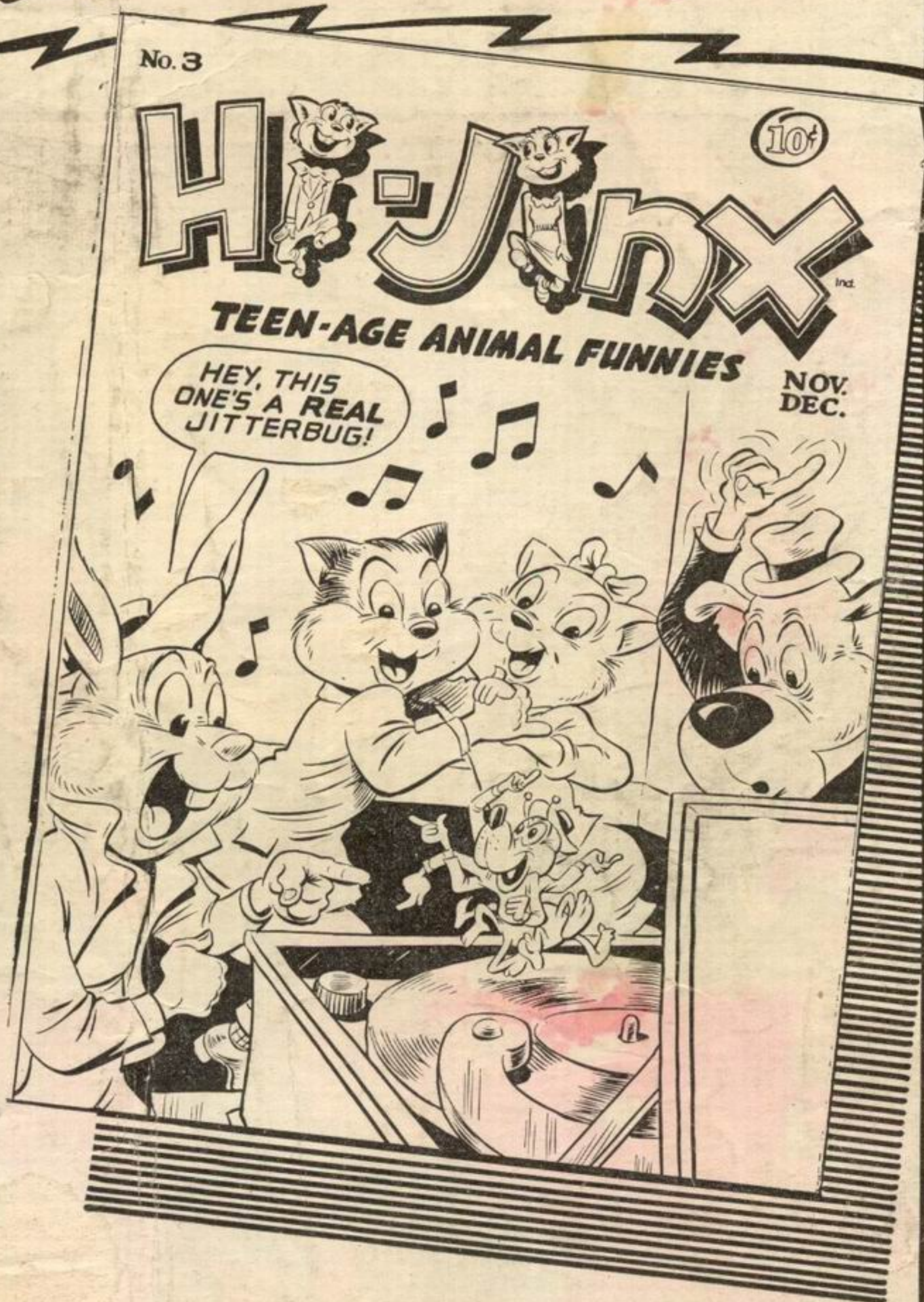
NEW SMASH HIT!

IT'S **Hi-Jinx**

... THE GREATEST FUNNY BOOK THAT EVER HIT THE STANDS! AND FEATURING A **BRAND-NEW IDEA IN COMICS** THAT'LL SPLIT YOUR SIDES! FOR THE FIRST TIME... **TEEN-AGE ANIMAL FUNNIES!** THEY'RE RIOTOUS...DELIGHTFULLY DIFFERENT! THINK ONLY HUMANS CAN CUT A RUG? THEN MEET SOME **REAL HEPCATS**... A MERRY MENAGERIE OF JOYOUS JITTERBUGS IN SENSATIONAL, SMILE-A-SECOND STORIES GEARED FOR GIGGLES AND GASPS!

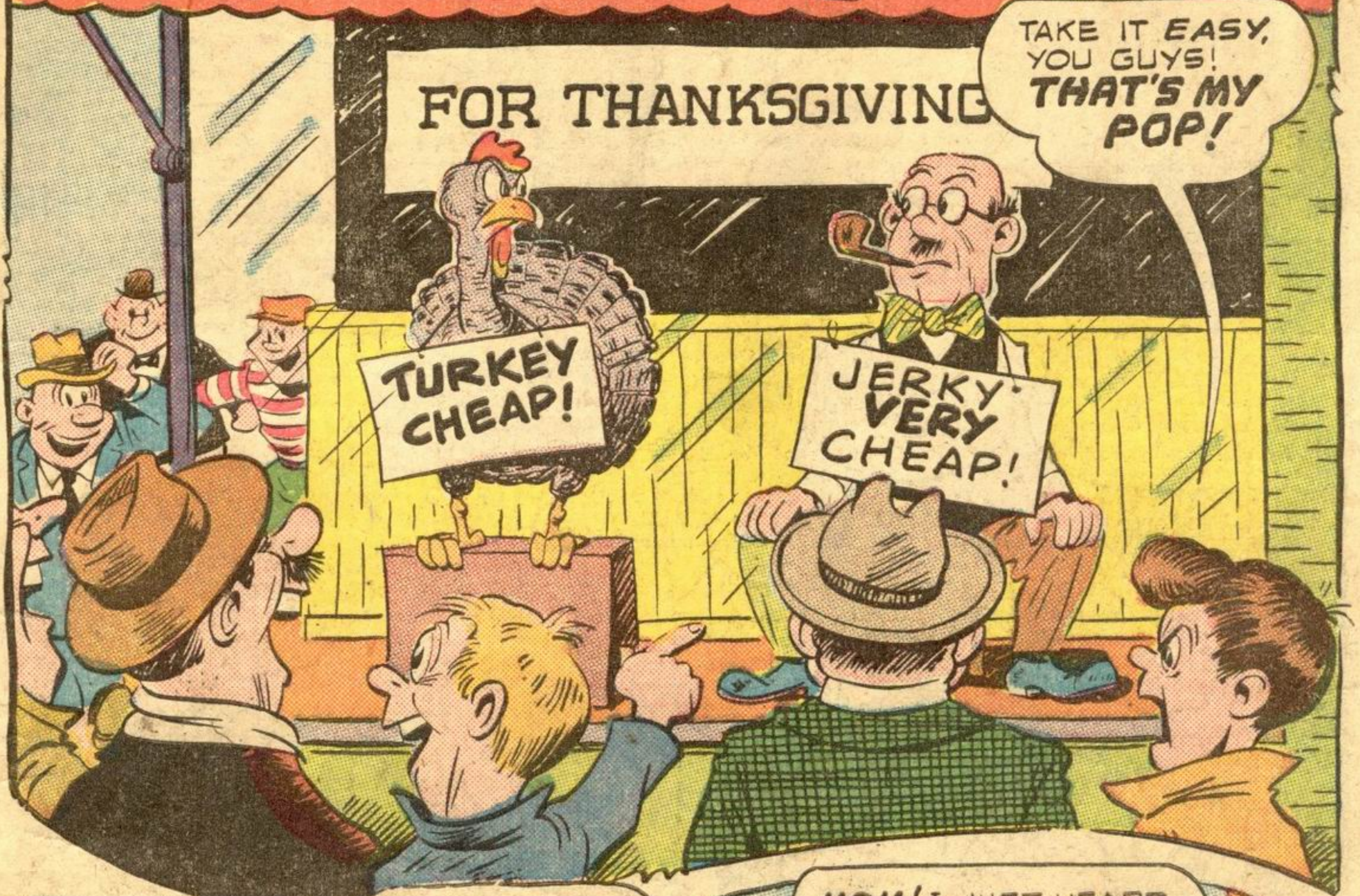
DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU! Remember...you'll bust your stitches if you read

Hi-Jinx
TEEN-AGE ANIMAL FUNNIES



10¢ ON ALL STANDS

COOKIE

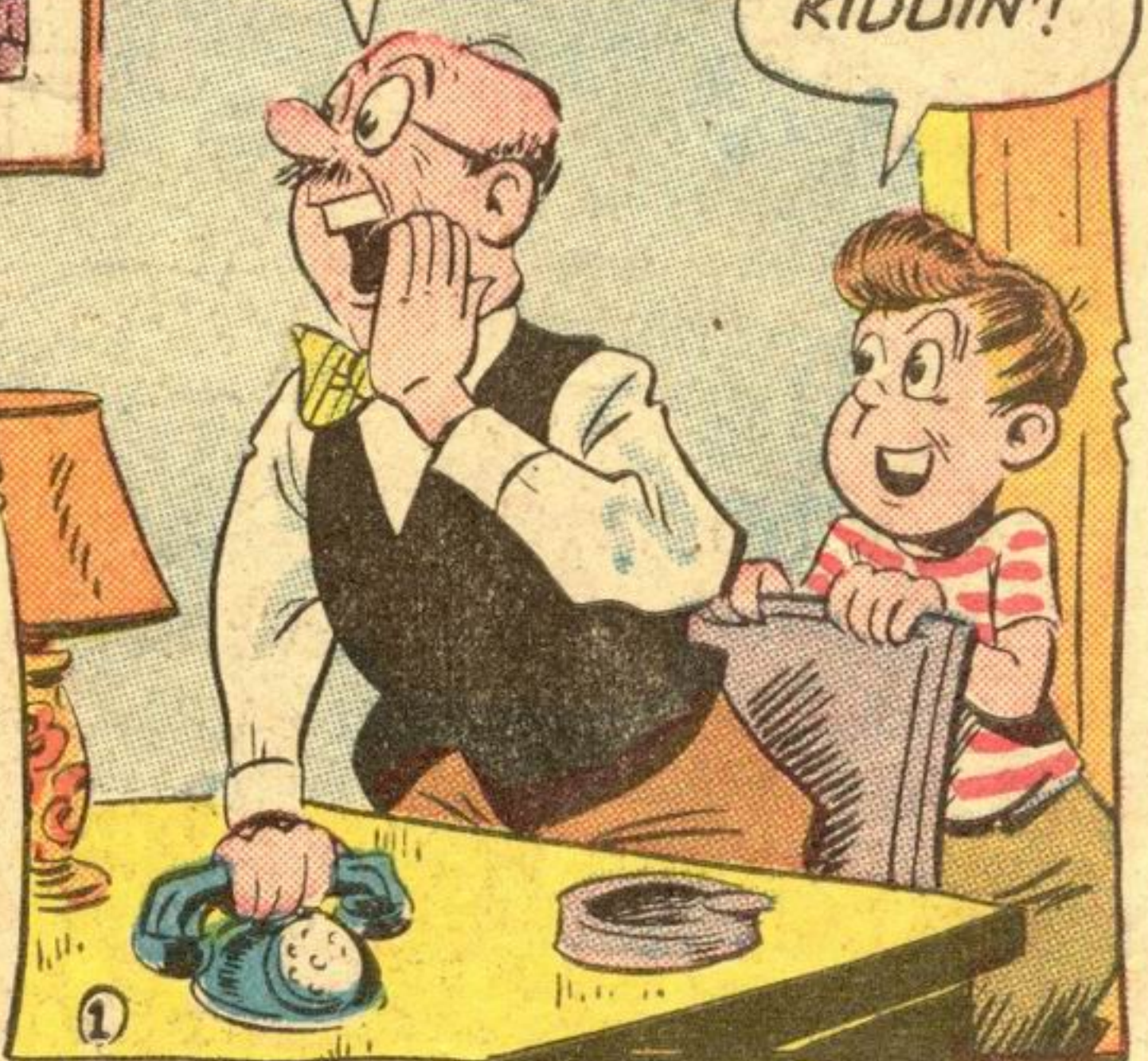


HEY, POP! CAN YA LET ME HAVE SOME DOUGH FOR THE FOOT-BALL GAME THIS AFTER-NOON?

WAIT, COOKIE!... YAAS, THIS IS O'TOOLE ...YA DON'T SAY! WELL, WODDEYA *KNOW*!... SURE THING! *RIGHT AWAY!*

MOM! I JUST HEARD I WON A *TURKEY* AT THE LODGE RAFFLE! SO CANCEL YOUR ORDER AT THE MARKET!

NO KIDDIN'!



...AND LOOK, SON...DO ME
A FAVOR! GO DOWN TO THE
LODGE HALL AND PICK UP
THE BIRD, HUH?

NATCH, POP! AND...
ER...YOU'LL HAVE
MY ALLOWANCE
READY WHEN I
GET BACK?

HEY, COOK...
WOT'S THE
RUSH?

HI, JITTERBUCK!
GOTTA PICK UP A
THANKSGIVIN'
TURKEY MY POP
JUST WON! C'MON
ALONG!

THAT I
WILL, BOY
...**THAT I
WILL!**

HERE YOU ARE...
AND GIVE YOUR
FATHER MY CON-
GRATULATIONS!

**ALIVE,
YET!**

WOW...WOTTA BIRD!
THAT'S GONNA MAKE
SOME MEAL!



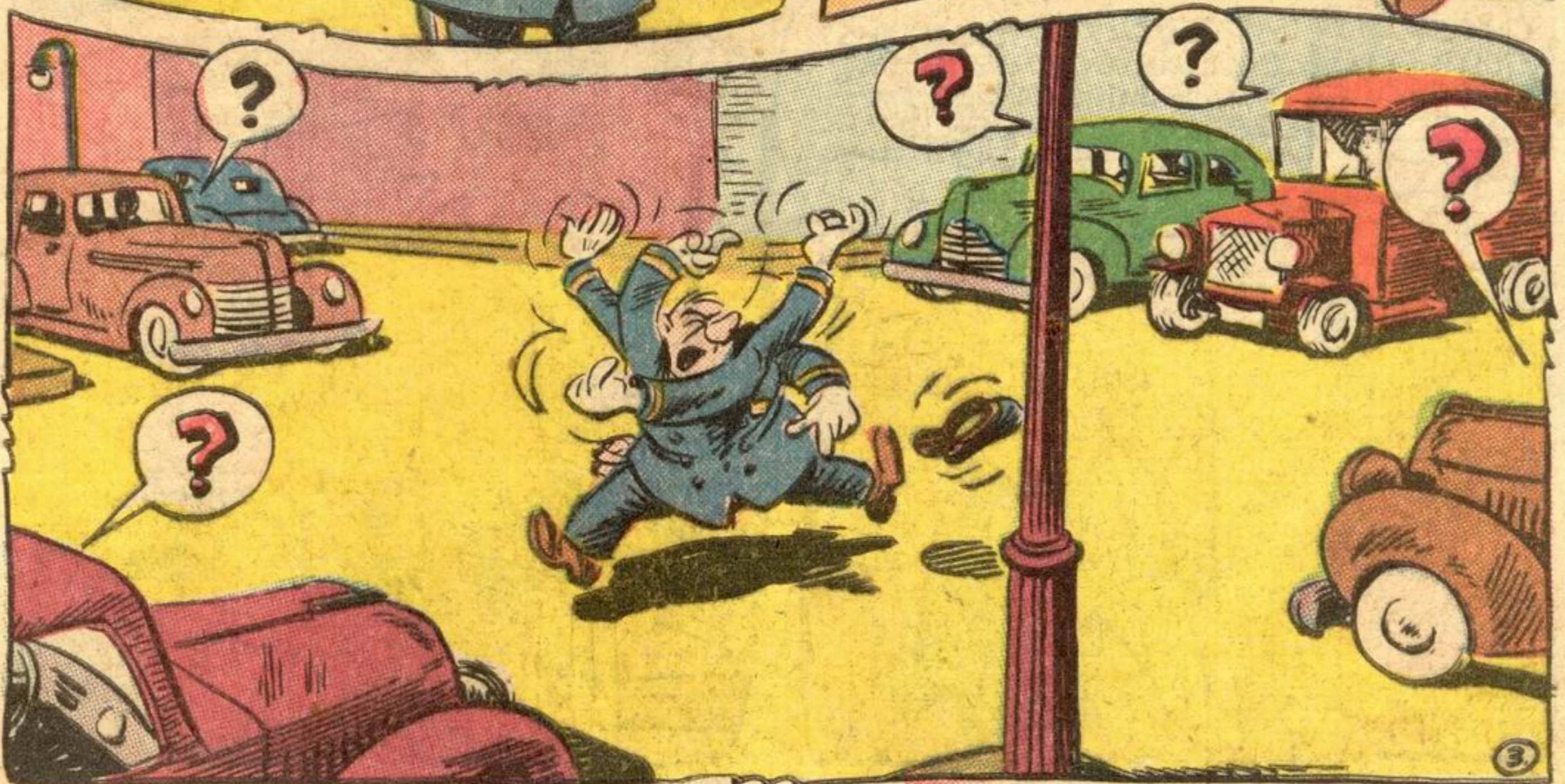
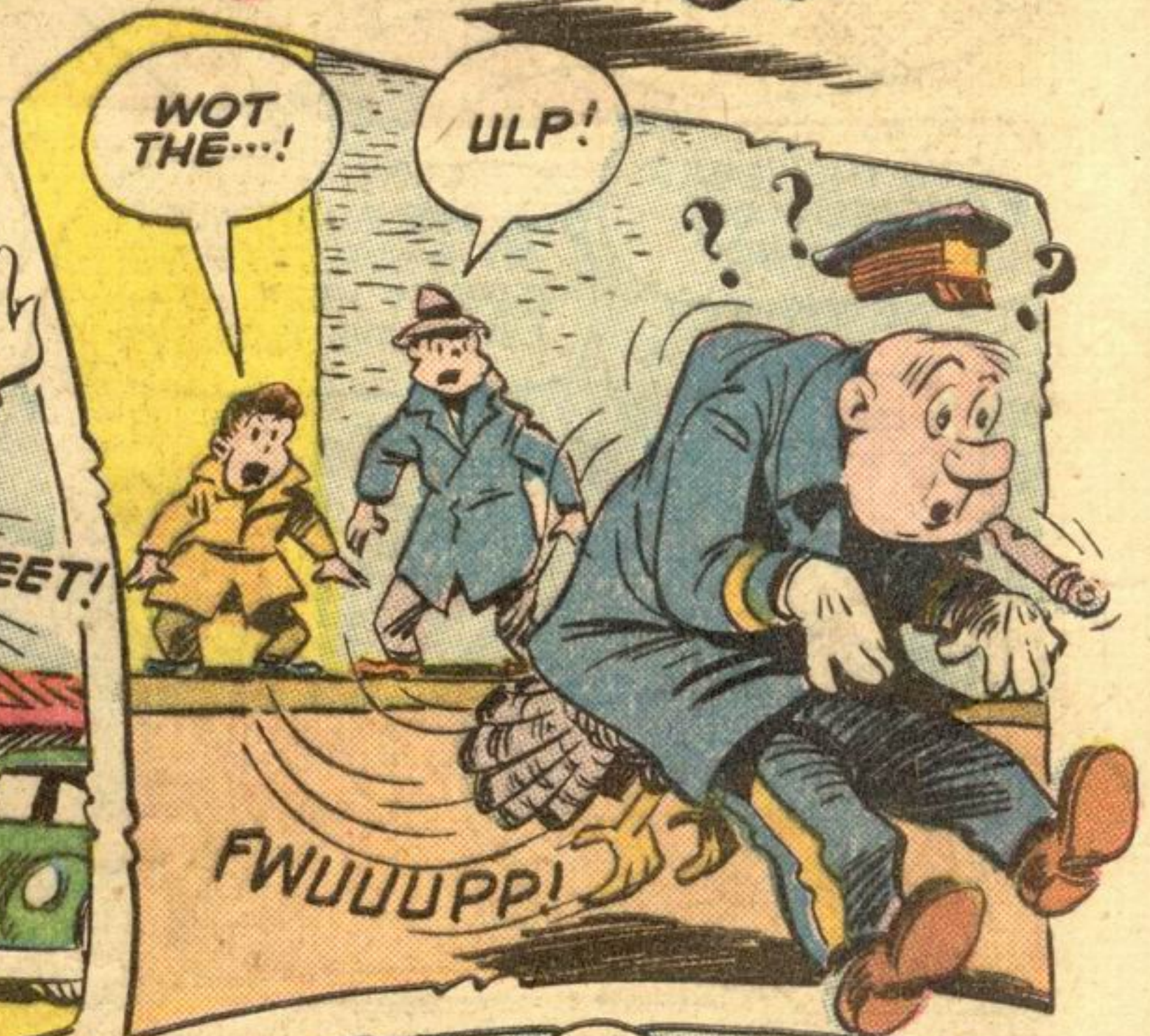
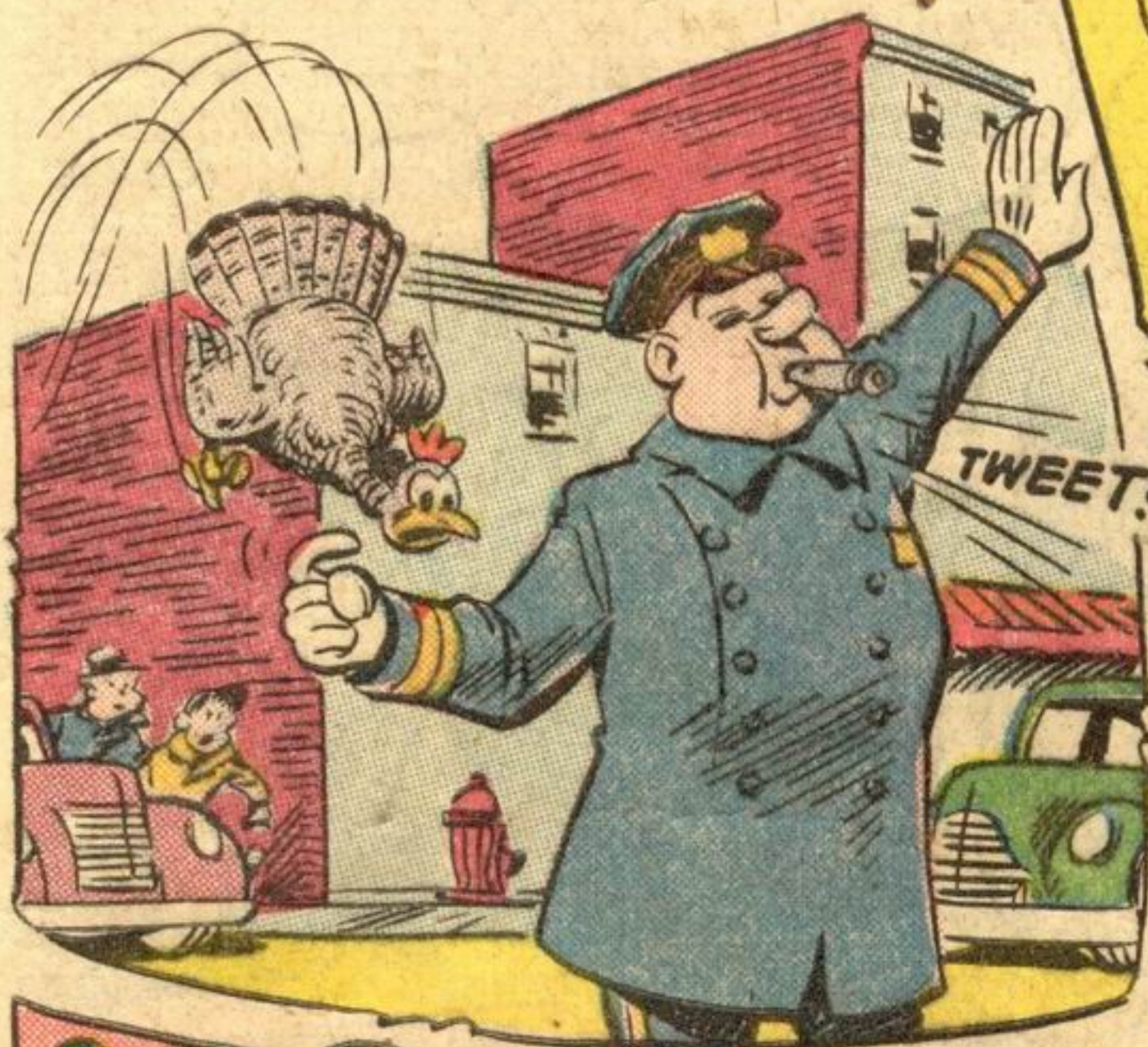
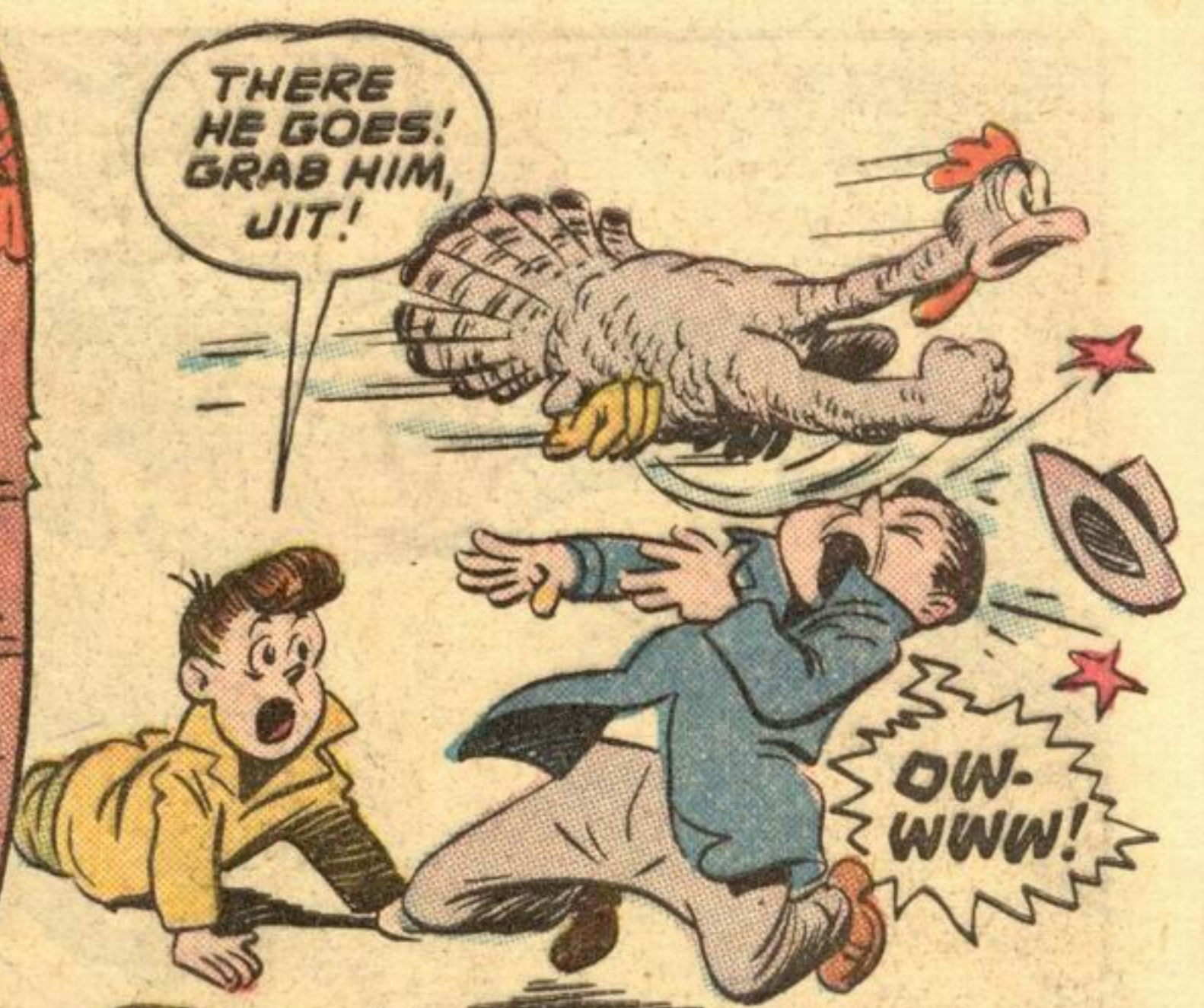
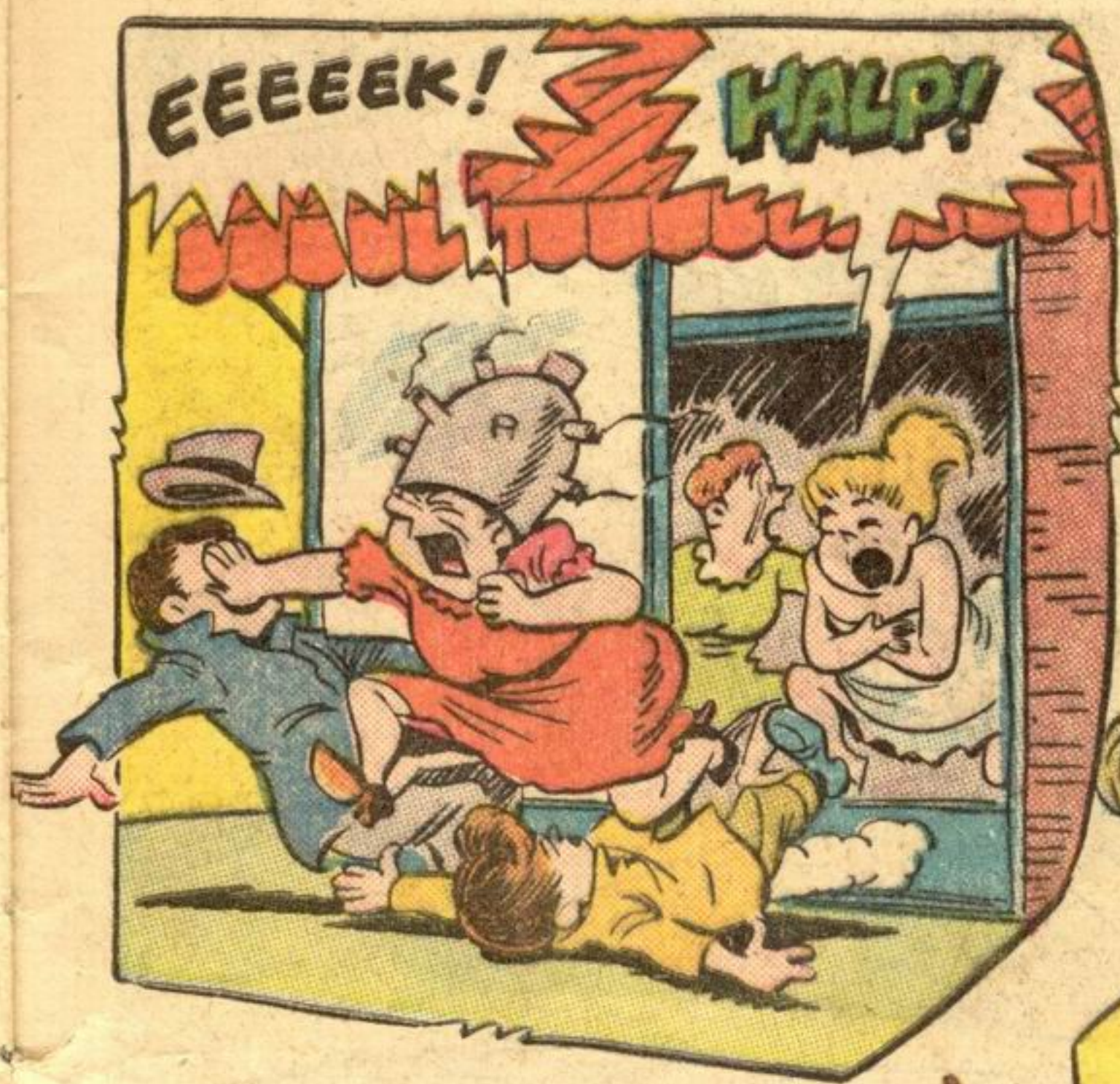
HEY!

OH-OH!
**HE GOT
LOOSE!**

OH, FOR THE
LOVE OF HARRY
JAMES...!

CRASH!

BEAUTY SALON



NO USE GRIPIN' MISTER
...IT WAS **YOUR** TURKEY
THAT **CAUSED** THE
DAMAGE!

YEAH...**GET IT
UP!** MY TRUCK'S
A **WRECK!**

AND MY CAR'S
RUINED!

HEY, DON'T FORGET
TA SAVE SOME FER
THE **TAXI FARE!**



OH, EDITH...THIS WILL **KILL**
YOU! POP WINS A TURKEY AND IS
BRAGGING ABOUT GETTING
SOMETHING FOR NOTHING...
BUT BY THE TIME IT REACHES
THE HOUSE, IT COSTS HIM
\$168.00! NO **FOOLING!**
AND **BESIDES** THAT...

GR-RRRRR...

WELL, DON'T JUST
STAND THERE!
TIE THAT THING
UP AND GET THE
AXE!

NOT **ME, POP!** I
DON'T WANT THIS
POOR GUY'S
BLOOD ON MY
HANDS!



MY HERO

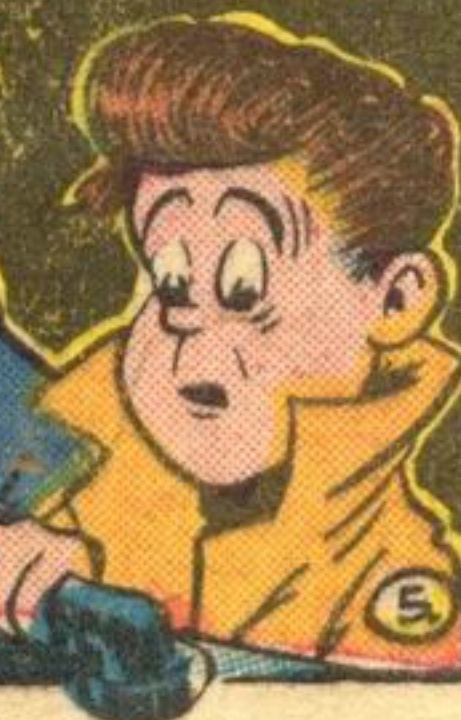
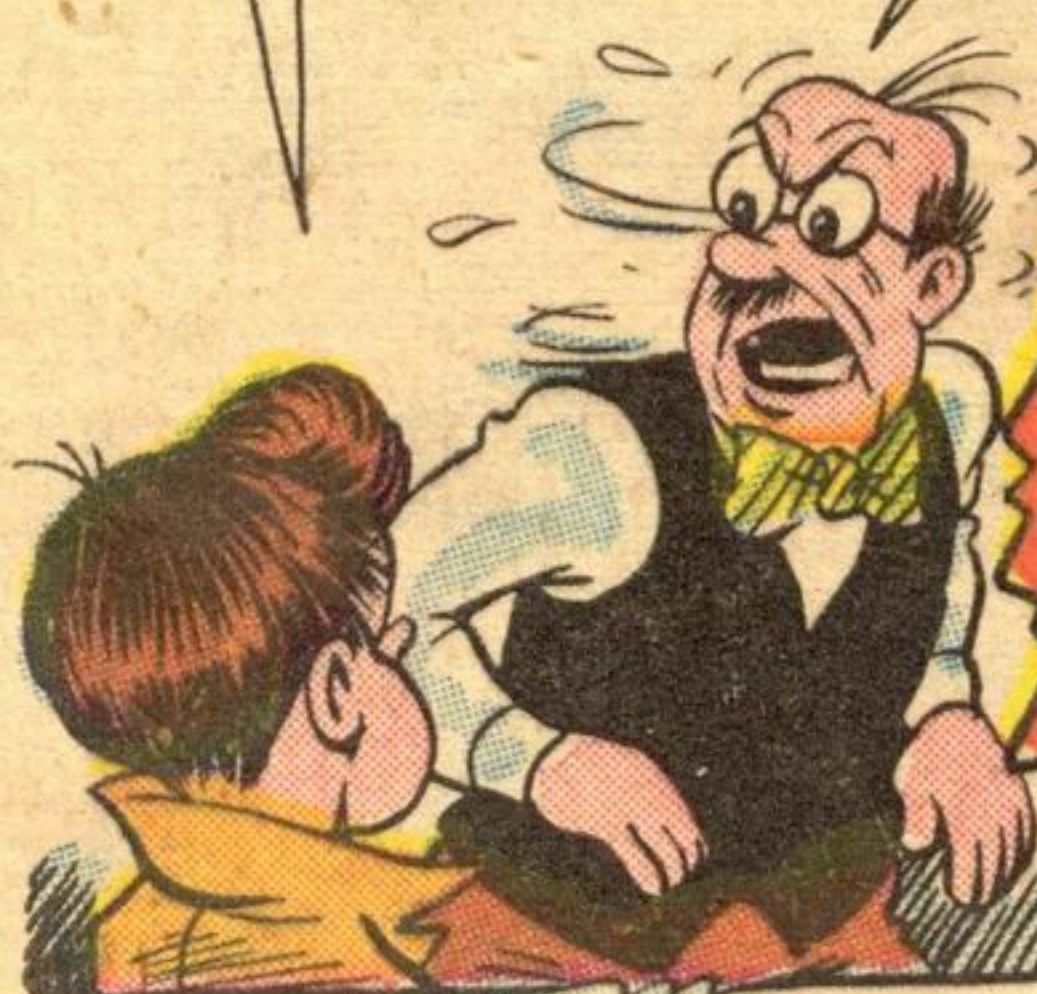
...**BESIDES**, I'M NOT
HUNGRY! SO IF YOU'LL
JUST GIVE ME THE
DOUGH FOR THAT
FOOTBALL GAME...

DOUGH FOR THE
GAME...**DOUGH**
... **DOUGH**...

**DON'T
MENTION
DOUGH
TO ME!**

TOO BAD,
COOKIE!

YEAH...
THAT
MEANS I
DON'T GO
TA THE GAME
WITH ANGEL-
PUSS! OH,
WELL...



HELLO...ANGEL? LOOK, I
WON'T BE ABLE TA GO TA
THE GAME WITH YA TODAY!
I...

OH, *COOKIE!* WHY
NOT? I'D COUNTED
SO MUCH ON GOING
WITH YOU!

WELL, YA SEE
...I...ER...AH...

TELL HER YER
ON THE TEAM...
YA GOTTA PLAY!
SAY THE COACH
CALLED YA AT
THE LAST MINUTE
...YOU KNOW!

ER...YEAH! YA SEE,
I GOTTA *PLAY!* THE
COACH JUST CALLED
ME, AN'...

WHY, *COOKIE*...THAT'S
WONDERFUL! I'LL GO
TO THE GAME WITH
ZOOT...I JUST CAN'T
WAIT TO SEE YOU
IN UNIFORM! G'BYE
NOW!

HUH? HEY, ANGELPUSS
...WAIT! ER...WOT AM I
SAYING?

SLAM!

CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!

YOU...*YOU*...PUTTIN' WORDS
IN MY MOUTH, AN' *LIES*, AT
THAT! WOT HAPPENS WHEN
SHE FINDS OUT I'M *NOT*
PLAYIN', BRAIN-CHILD?

ER...

LOOK...*I'M* ON THE TEAM,
AN' I KNOW THE COACH IS
NEAR-SIGHTED! WITH-
OUT HIS GLASSES, HE CAN'T
TELL THE PIGSKIN FROM
THE PIG! C'MON...*I GOT*
AN IDEA!

SOMETIMES
I WISH I WAS
AN *ELEPHANT!*

PSSST...LOOK! THE COACH'S GLASSES! ...C'MON IN!

FOR PLAYERS ONLY

QUIT WORRYIN' AN' GET THAT UNIFORM ON! HE CAN'T SEE A THING!

OOPS... PARDON ME!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!

And so...the big game begins...

YAY! TOUCHDOWN!

HURRAY!

HEY, COACH...IT WUZ **THEM** WOT MADE THE TOUCHDOWN! WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON, ANYWAY?

ER...IT **WAS**? TSK,TSK...WITHOUT MY GLASSES,I DON'T KNOW THE PLAYERS FROM THE GOAL POSTS!

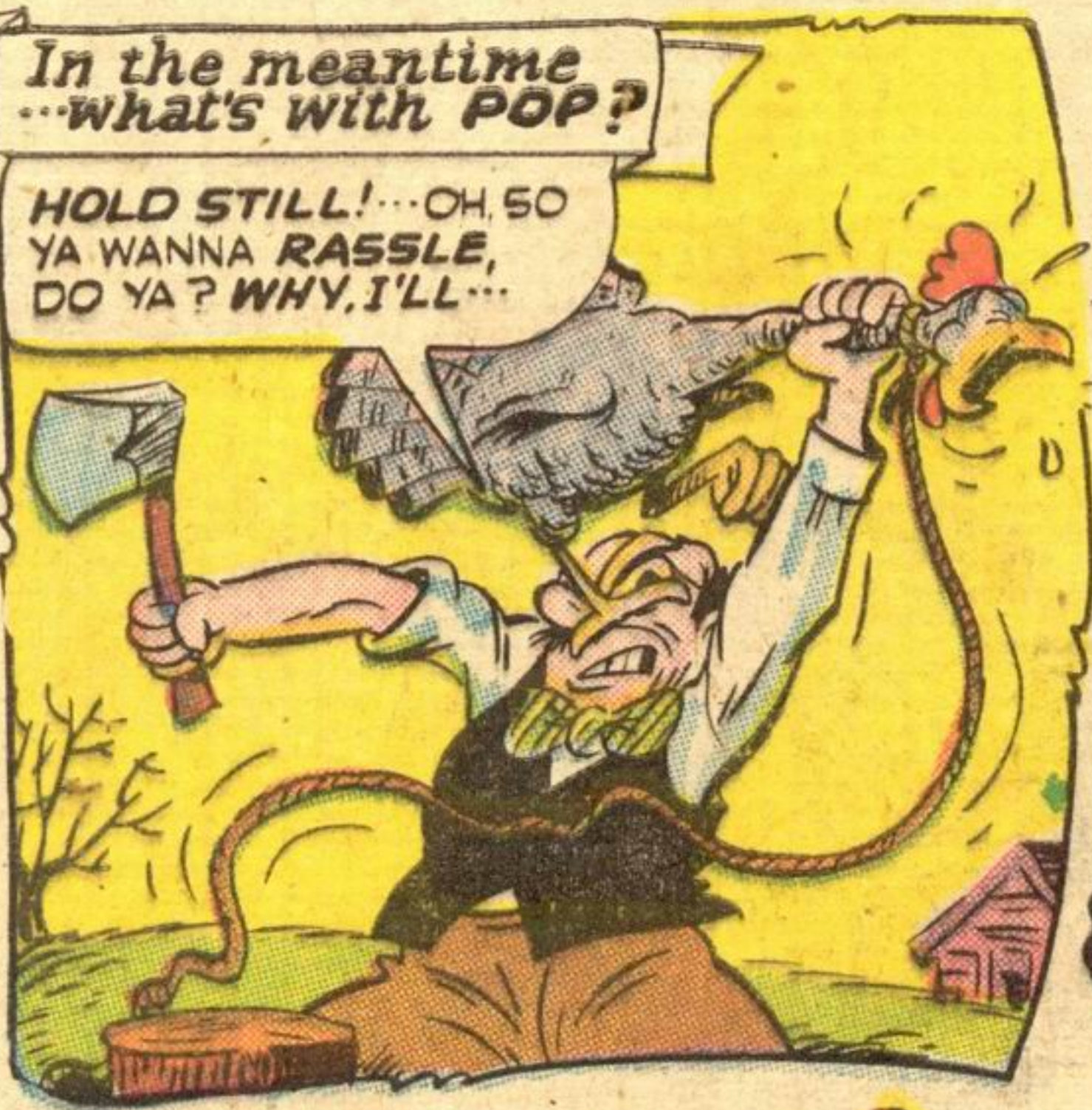
YOO-HOO! COOKIE!

GO ON OVER AN' TALK TA HER...YOU GOT NOTHIN' TA WORRY ABOUT!

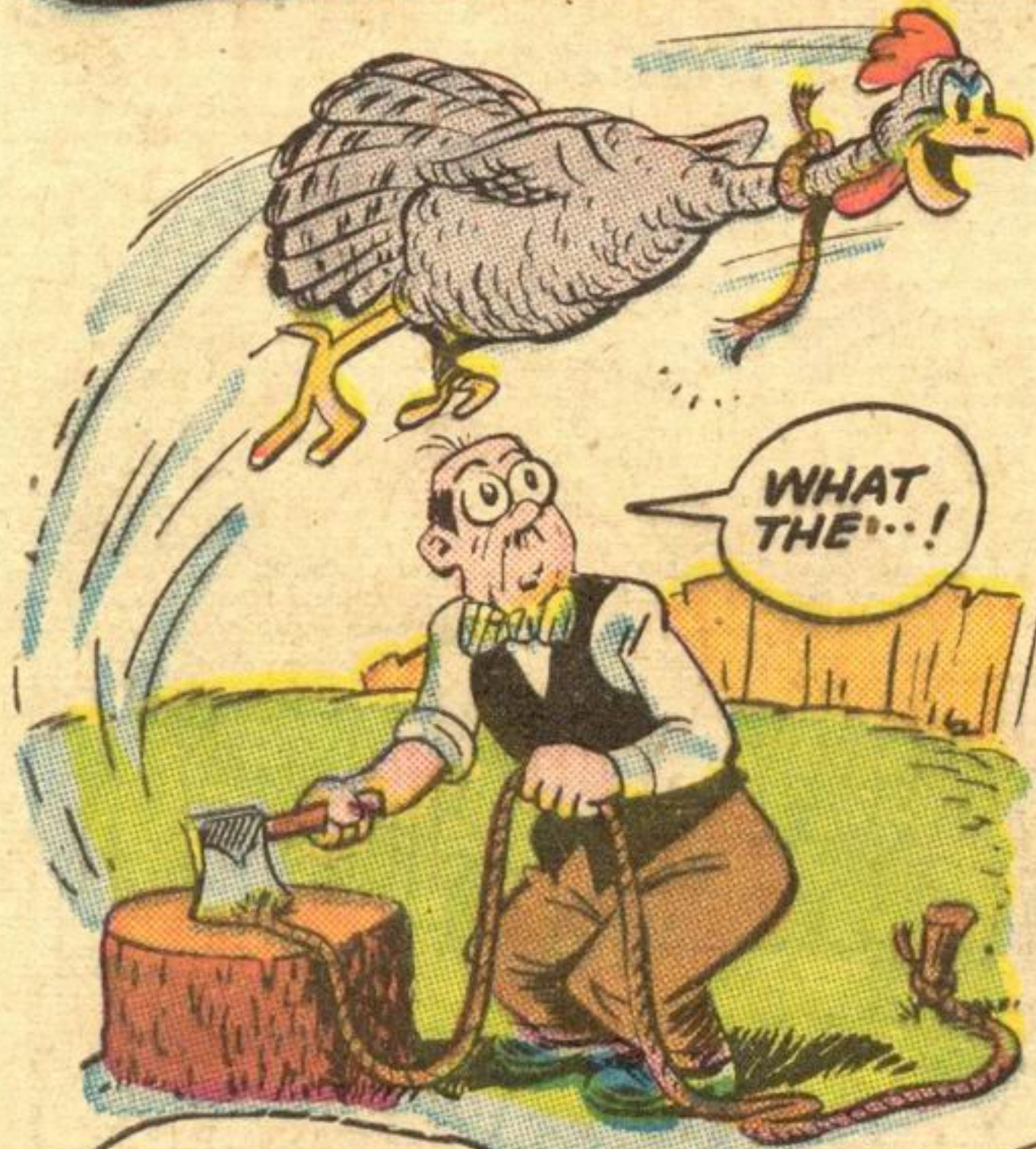
COAC

In the meantime
...what's with POP?

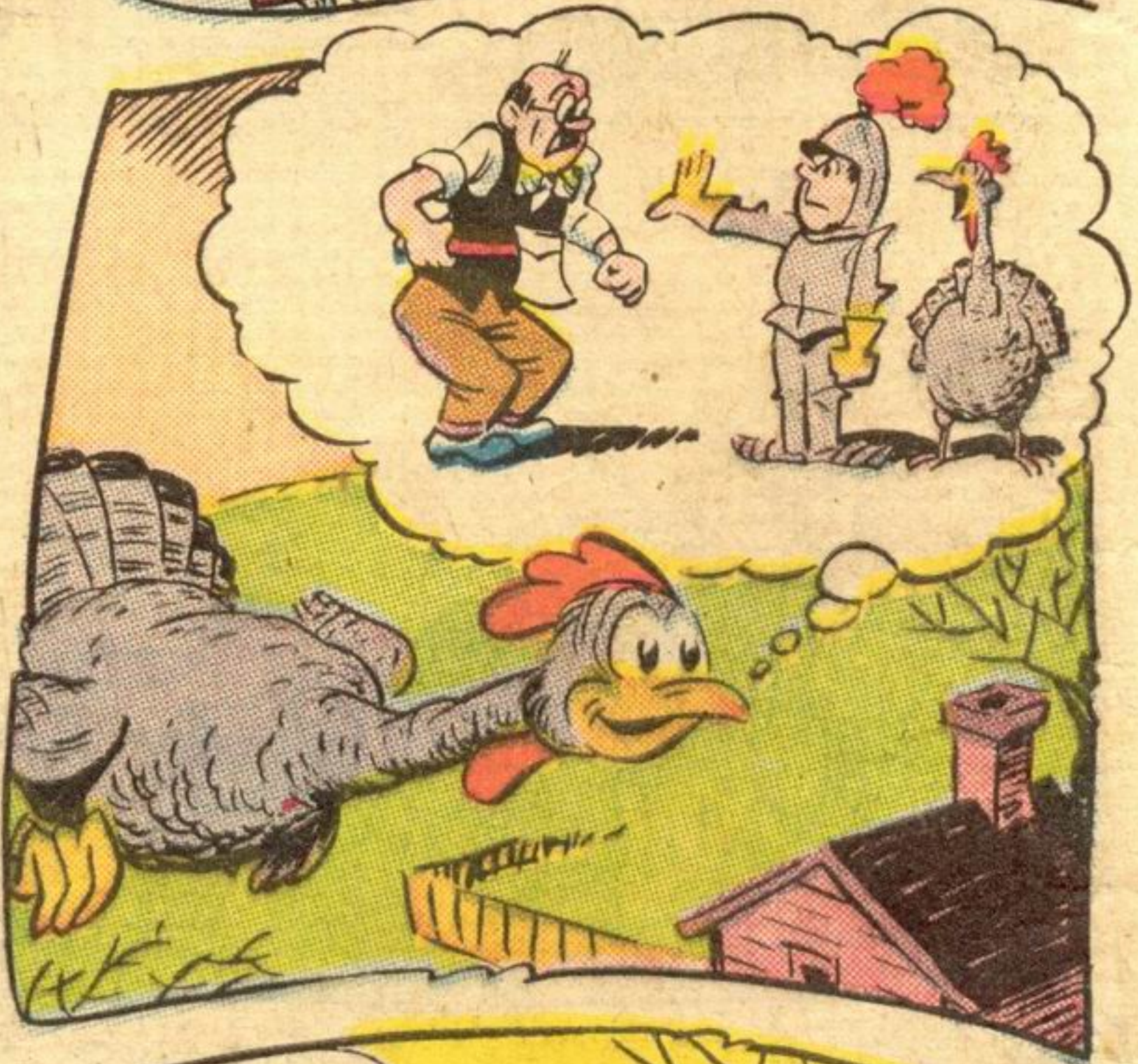
HOLD STILL!...OH, SO
YA WANNA RASSLE,
DO YA? WHY, I'LL...



...THERE!



WHAT
THE...!



COME
BACK HERE,
YOU...



FOOTBALL
TODAY

OH, COOKIE! THEY'RE THREE POINTS AHEAD, AND THERE'S ONLY ONE MINUTE LEFT TO PLAY! I THOUGHT THAT **YOU**...

YEAH, HERO BOY! WHEN ARE THEY GONNA SEND **YOU** IN THERE TO WIN THE GAME FOR US? **HAW-HAW!**

WELL, ER...

WHY, **COOKIE!**

ULP!

GOBBLE-GOBBLE!

WHOOSH!

HEY!

TWEET!

SO... **YOU!** WHERE'S THAT **TURKEY?**

?

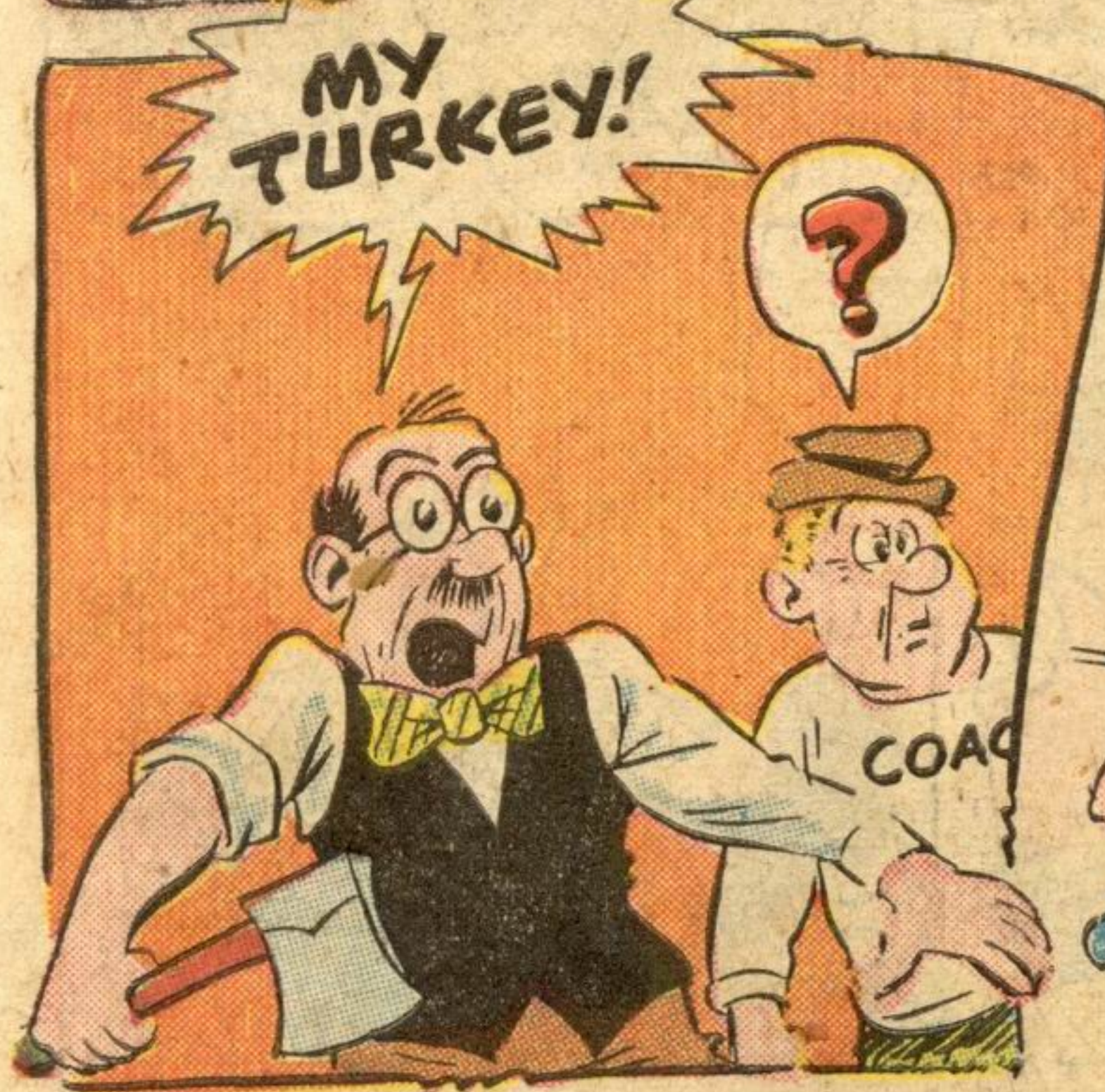
PSST! HEY, COOKIE... GET OFF THE FIELD!

I CAN'T, JIT! I...

ALL RIGHT, MAKE UP YOUR MINDS! IN CASE YOU DON'T KNOW IT, THERE'S A RULE THAT SAYS NEITHER TEAM CAN HAVE MORE THAN ELEVEN MEN ON THE FIELD!

ER... OH, YES, SIR! UH... HE'S MY **SUBSTITUTE**, SEE? YEAH! I'LL GET OFF...

ALL RIGHT... LET'S GO! **ONLY A HALF MINUTE LEFT TO PLAY!**





THE GAME'S
OVER...
HARELIP
HIGH WINS!
HURRAH!

SON, I CAN'T SEE
WHO YOU ARE...
BUT CONGRATU-
LATIONS!

WELL, IF IT
WASN'T FOR
MY POP AN'
THE TURKEY...

HE'S RIGHT,
COACH! LET'S
KEEP THE
BIRD AS A
MASCOT!

YEAH,
MISTER!
DROP THAT
TURKEY!

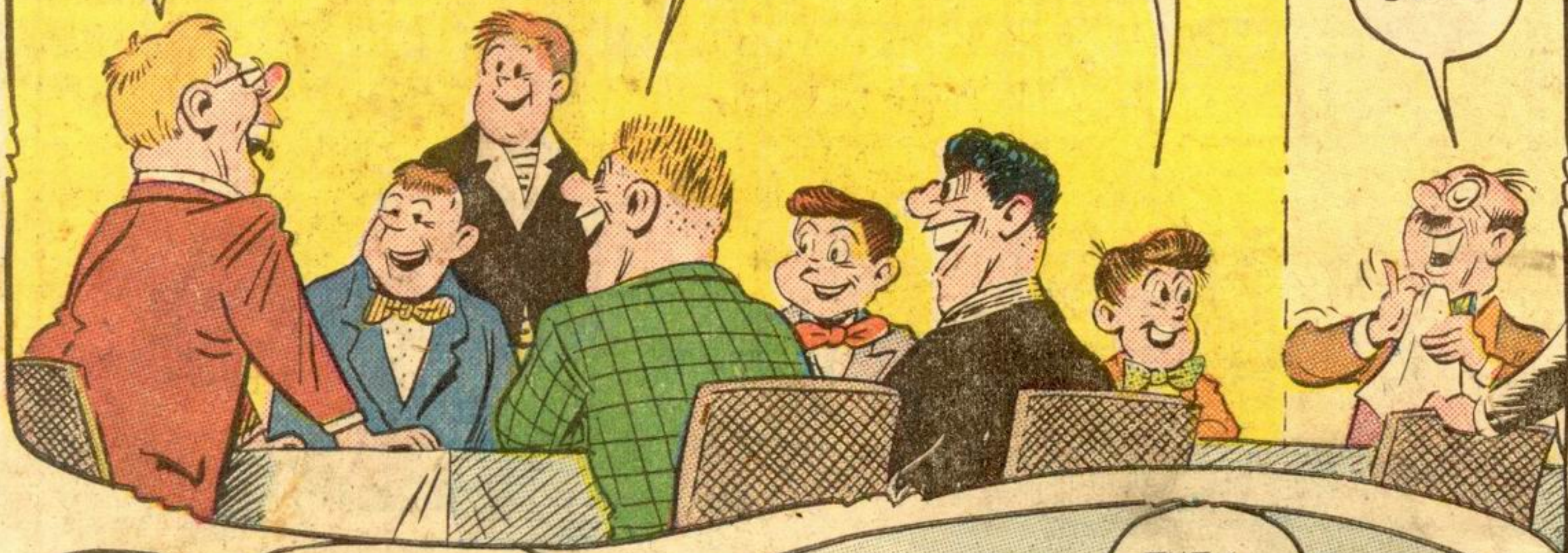


...AND I FEEL **SO** HAPPY OVER WINNING THAT GAME THAT I **INSIST** ON BUYING YOU ALL THIS THANKSGIVING DINNER!

GEE, THANKS, COACH!

NICE OF HIM TO ASK **US** TOO... WASN'T IT, POP?

YOU BET!

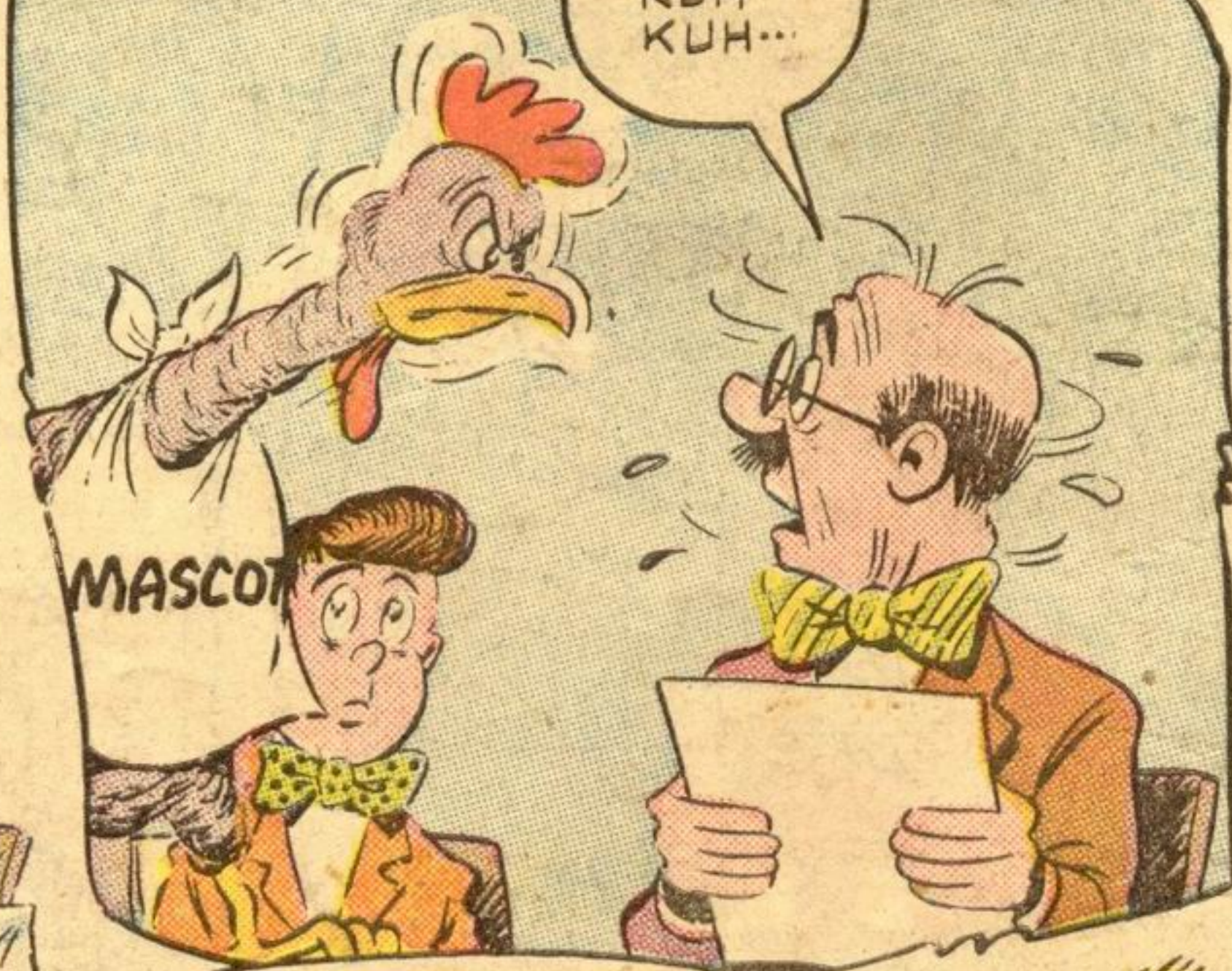


YOUR ORDER, SIR?

LET'S SEE, I'LL HAVE SOME TURK...



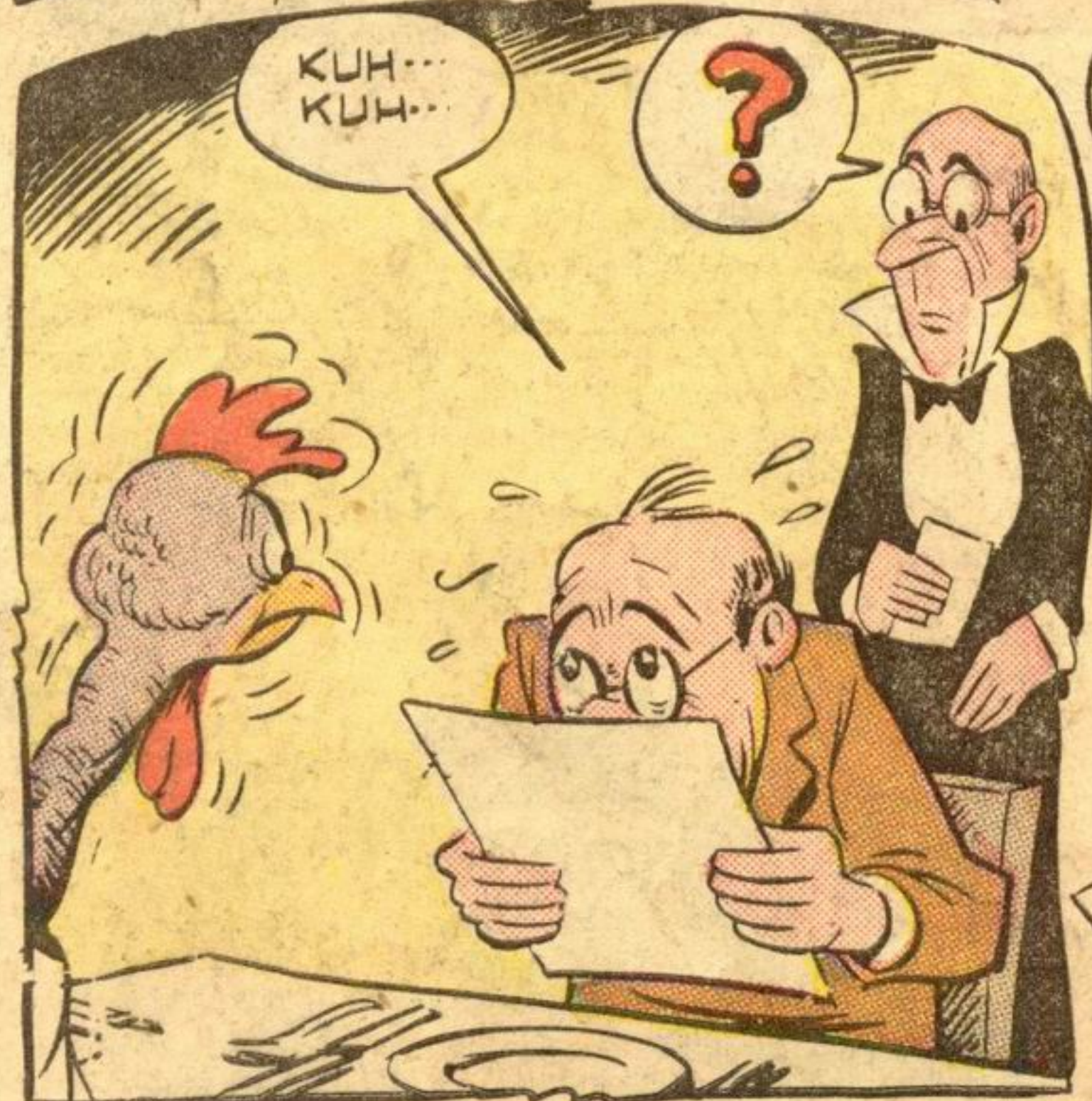
TURK... KUH... KUH...



KUH... KUH...

?

KUH... KUHREAM CHEESE SANDWICH!



The END!

TEEN TALES

HE'S **ONE** MAN WHO ISN'T WORTH USING PERFUME AT \$20 AN OUNCE TO CATCH!

I'LL BITE...WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH THE ALPHABET?

U AND **I** AREN'T CLOSE ENOUGH TOGETHER!

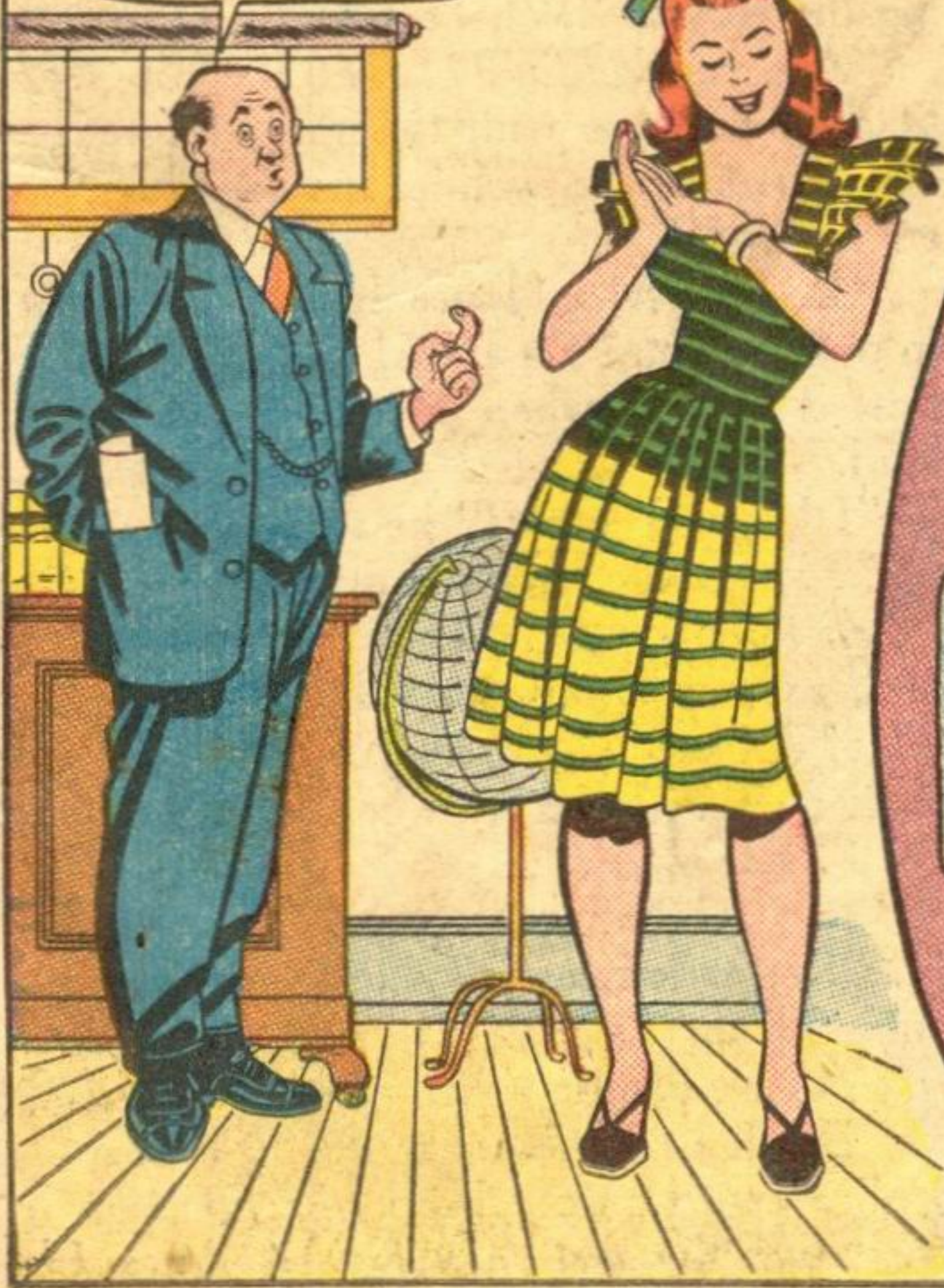


WHAT KEPT YOU FROM SCHOOL YESTERDAY? ACUTE INDIGESTION?

NO! A **CUTE SOPHOMORE!**

MY CAR'S OUT OF GAS! **WHAT DO I DO NOW?**

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? **I'VE** NEVER BEEN OUT WITH YOU BEFORE!



SCIENCE MARCHES BACKWARDS

MR. and Mrs. Jones were miserable for more reasons than one. Not only were they both sneeze-and-sniffle victims, but neighborhood outcasts, as well. For the past two days, all of their neighbors had looked at them queerly and questioningly and had, whenever possible, avoided them.

"You'd think we had the *plague*!" Mrs. Jones worried.

The only member of the Jones household who appeared to be perfectly normal was Jitterbuck. Every morning and evening found him busily puttering around the cellar or attic of the Jones house.

"Just keep away frob us," his father had advised him. "We dod't wadt you catchig cold too!"

So Jit kept to himself, working away at some private, mysterious enterprise that kept him completely absorbed. When he heard his mother worrying about the neighbors' attitudes, he just shrugged his shoulders and thought, "Unfriendly, huh? A bunch o' sis-sies, scared o' the least little . . . I'll get it, mom!"

This last was in reference to the front door bell, which was ringing in a loud, demanding fashion. When Jit opened the door, he was surprised to see the big, burly Chief of Police, who eyed him coldly. "What goes on here?"

demanded the Chief. "We just gotta complaint from your neighbors across the street that . . ."

"Excuse me, sir," Jit interrupted. "There goes the back door bell!"

On the back porch, helmet and all, stood the Fire Chief, who darted a dirty look at Jit. "There's somethin' mighty funny goin' on here," he began, "an' we just gotta call from one o' yer neighbors . . ."

"Excuse me, please," gasped Jit, "but I hear the phone ringing."

A harsh accusing voice came to him over the wires. "This is Dougherty, Department o' Public Welfare an' Sanitation!" it said. "We just gotta complaint from yer whole block that . . ."

"Good heavens!" Mrs. Jones entered her living room to find a stern cop, an angry fireman and her bewildered son, all shouting at the tops of their voices.

"You folks been actin' darn suspicious," the Police Chief said. "Keepin' ta yerselves an'—*whew!* How can ya stand it in here?"

"Stadt *what?*" demanded Mr. Jones, joining the crowd. "What's wrogg?"

"Are you *kiddin'?*" asked the Fire Chief, holding his nose with thumb and forefinger. "It's terrible! No wonder the neighbors started ta beef!"

Mr. and Mrs. Jones looked about them in puzzlement. "I'b afraid I . . ." Mr. Jones started to say, when Jitterbuck shouted out loud.

"I know, I know!" he said. "It's me . . . uh . . . my experiments, I mean! Look!"

He led the visitors down the basement steps and, as they approached the cellar, the Fire Chief looked weak and the Police Chief looked sick. "Wha . . . what is it?" they gasped. "That smell!"

"My laboratory!" announced Jit proudly. "I'm experimentin' with growin' mold on stale fish an' vegetables!"

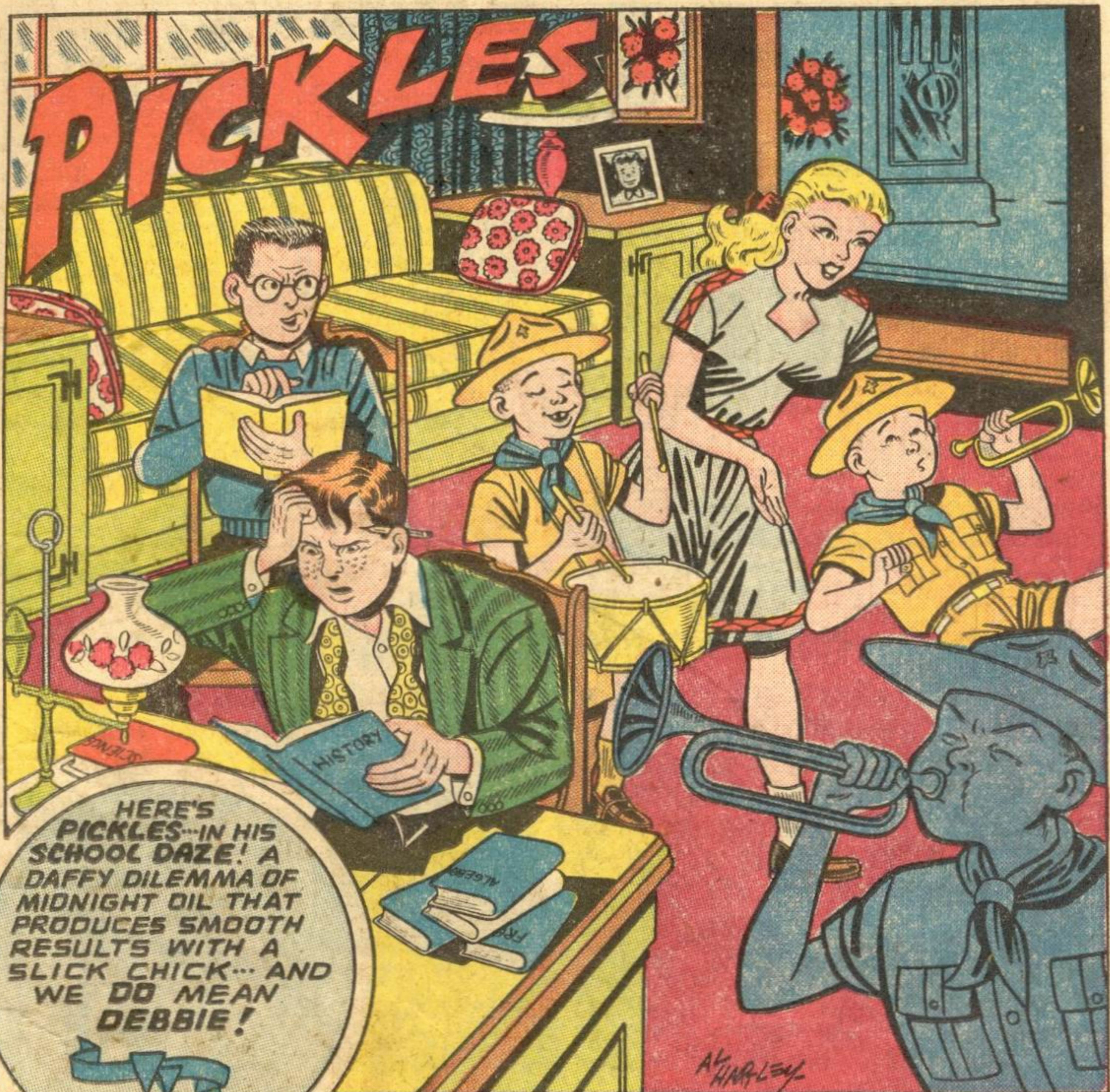
"Ad we couldn't sbell it!" said Mr. Jones.

"But the neighbors could!" The Chief of Police could hardly keep from smiling.

It was the first spanking Jitterbuck Jones had received in ten years!



PICKLES



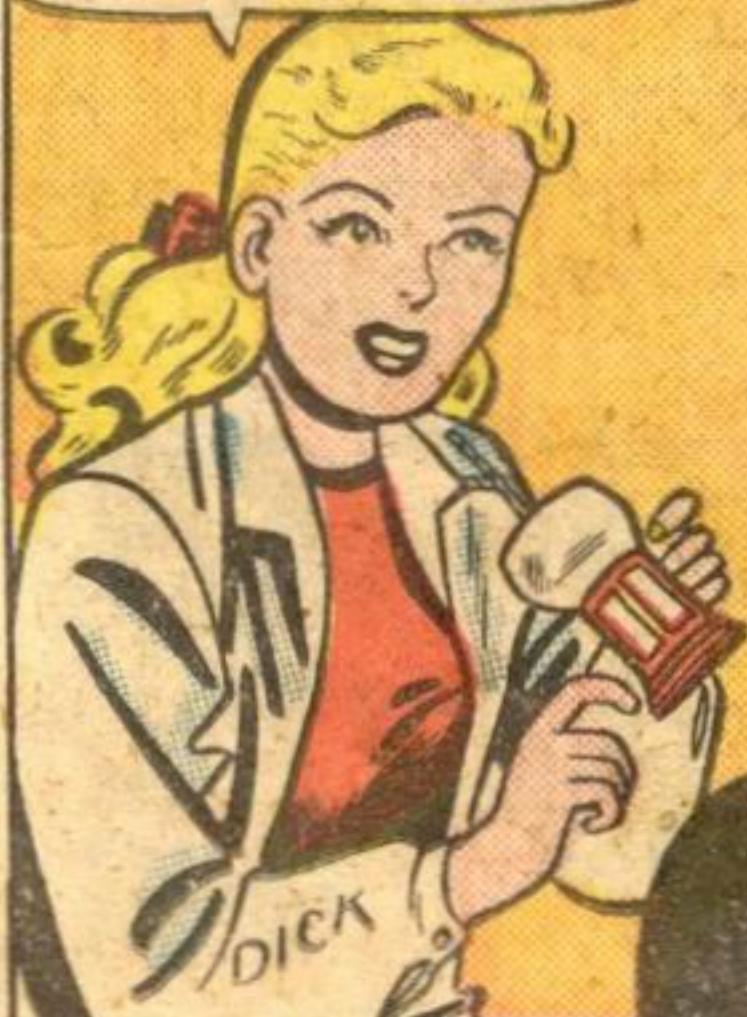
HERE'S PICKLES...IN HIS SCHOOL DAZE! A DAFFY DILEMMA OF MIDNIGHT OIL THAT PRODUCES SMOOTH RESULTS WITH A SLICK CHICK... AND WE DO MEAN DEBBIE!

HI, BINKIE! ISN'T PICKLES WITH YOU? HE SAID...

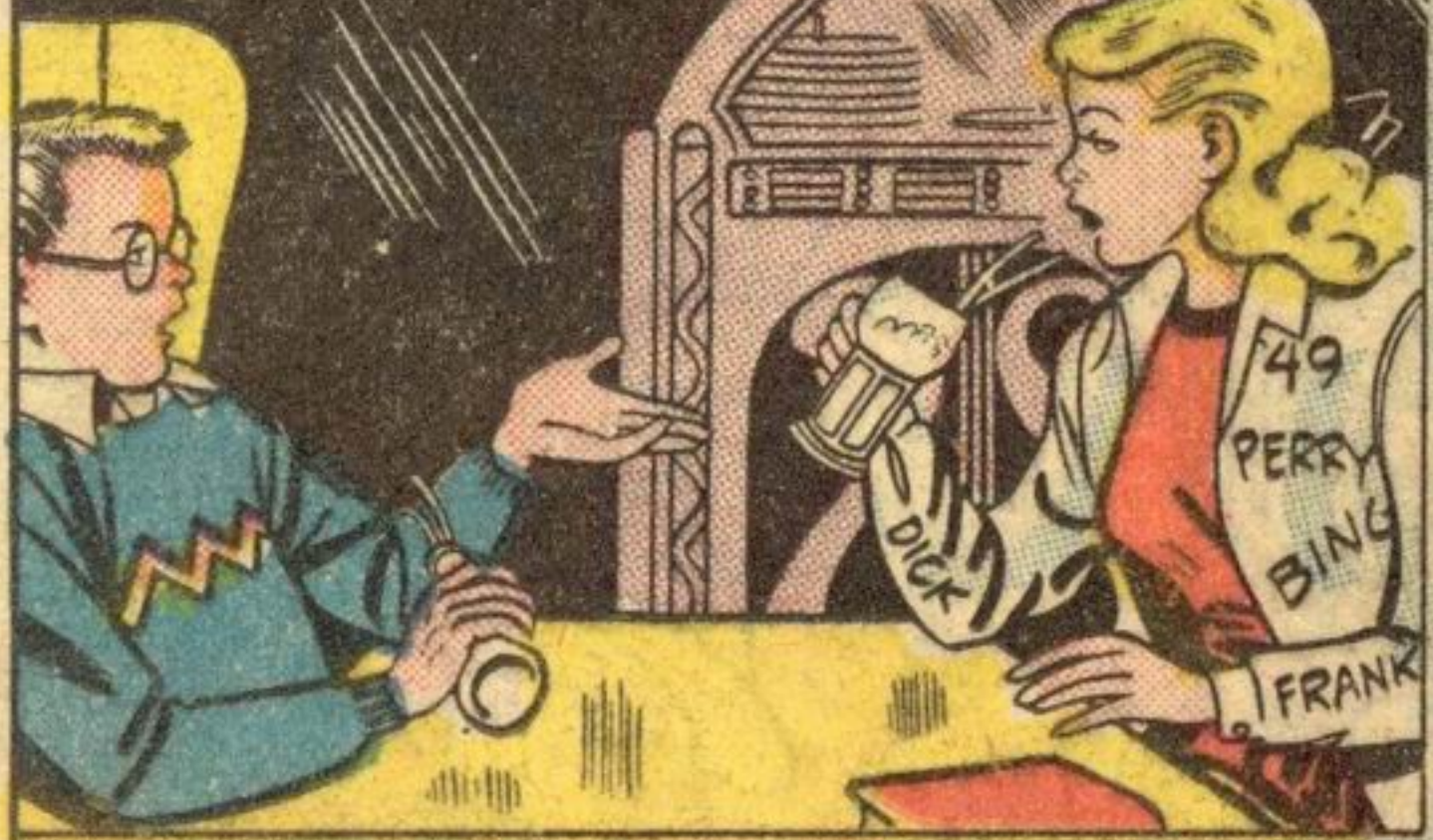
I LEFT HIM AT THE DEAN'S OFFICE! **MORE GLOOM...**

...HE WUZ CAUGHT **COUNTING HIS RIBS** DURING THE ANATOMY EXAM!

HE'S ON THE CARPET FOR THAT?



NOPE, THAT'S THE **BRIGHT** SIDE!
ACTUALLY, HE'S FAILING **ALL** HIS
SUBJECTS BUT **HISTORY**...AND HE
MAY NOT BE ABLE TO GO ON THE
CLASS TRIP WITH US!

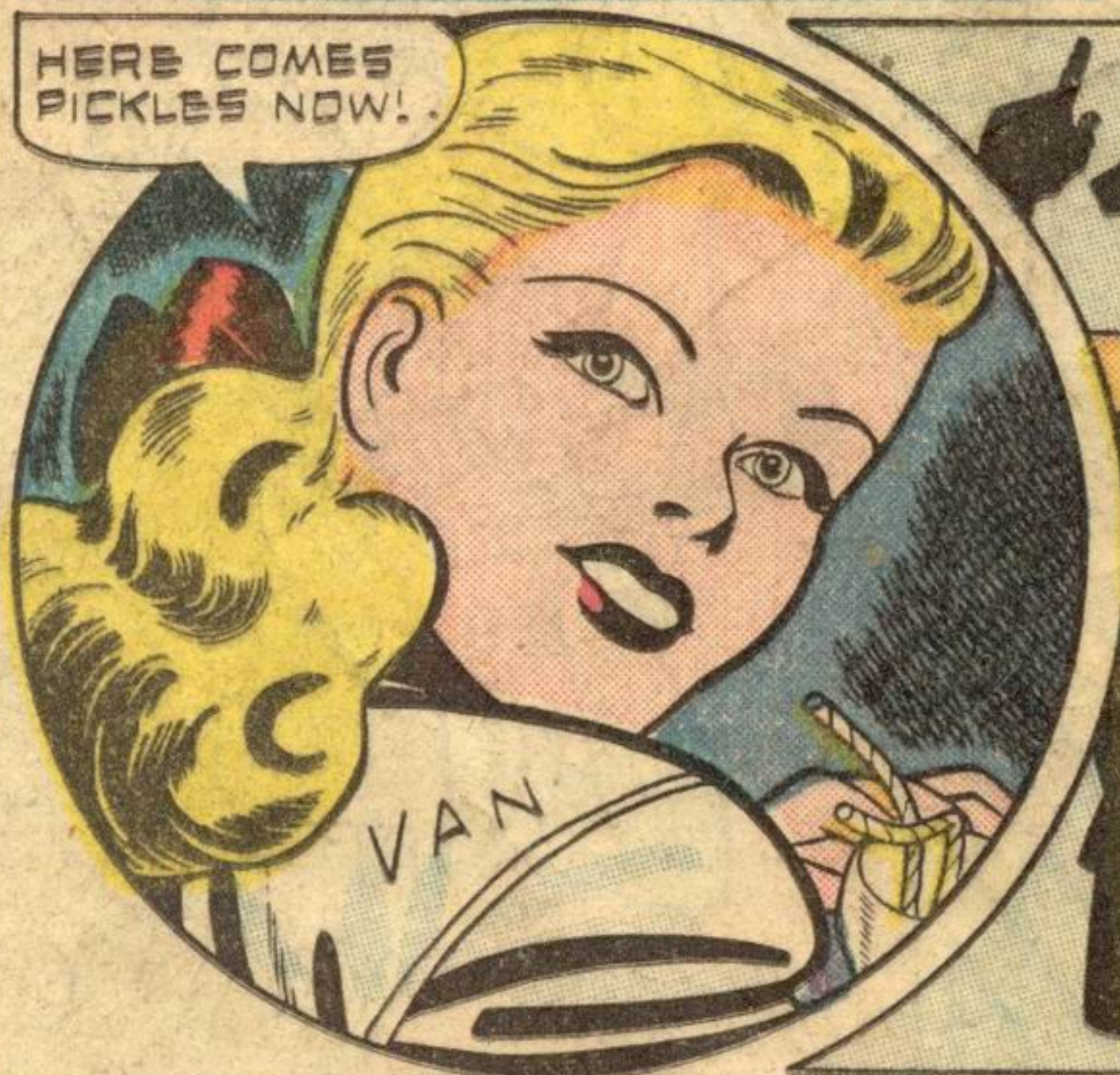


**EAVESDROPPING
IN THE NEXT
BOOTH...**

AHAH... WELL,
CURDLE MY COKE!
SO PICKLES MAY
NOT BE ELIGIBLE
FOR THE BIG TRIP
NEXT WEEK! HMM...
**COULD I MOVE IN ON
DEBBIE THEN!**

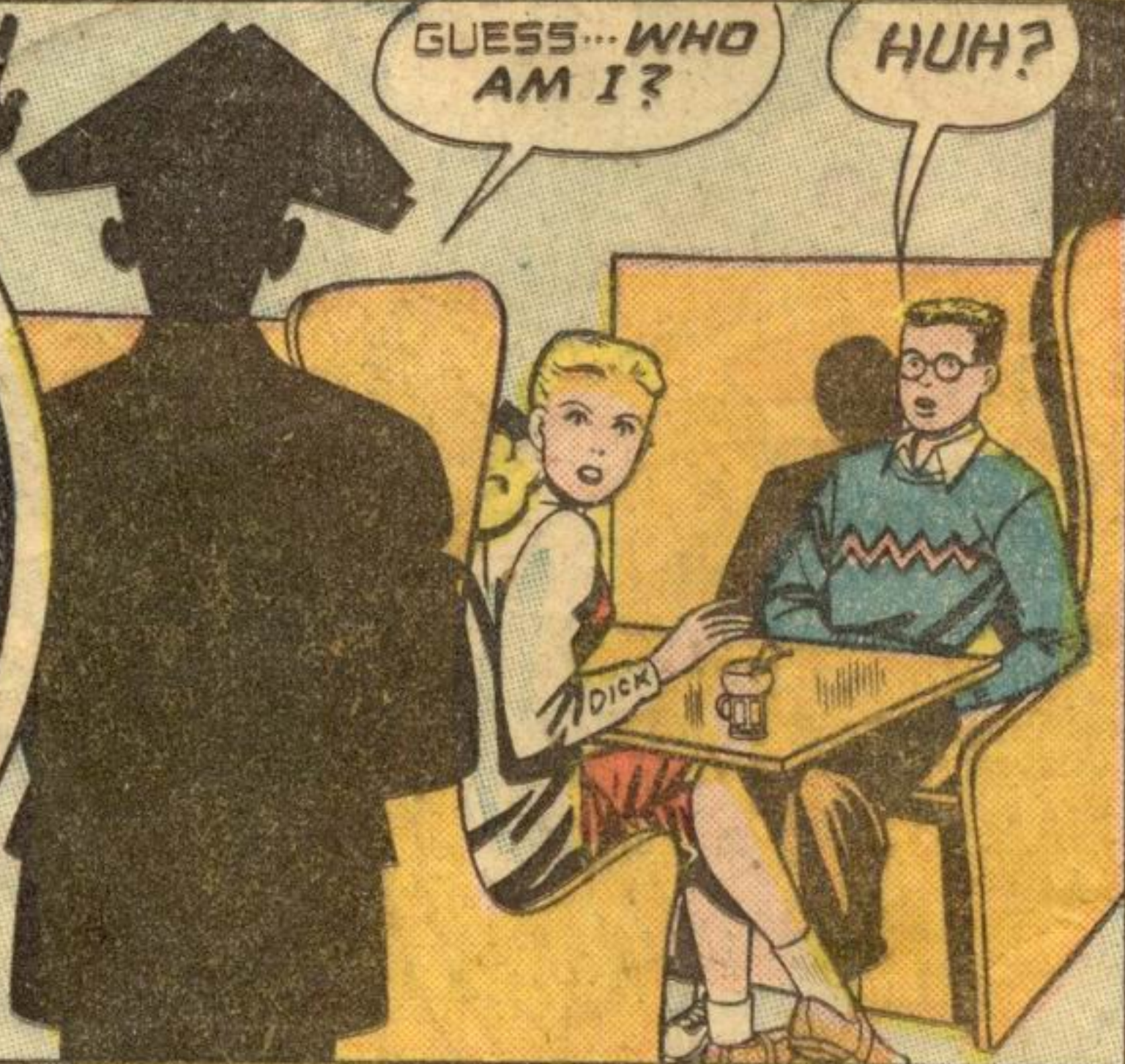


HERE COMES
PICKLES NOW!



GUESS...WHO
AM I?

HUH?



DIDN'T YOU KNOW?
I'M AS FAMOUS AS
NAPOLEON!

FAMOUS AS
NAPOLEON?
I DON'T GET
IT!



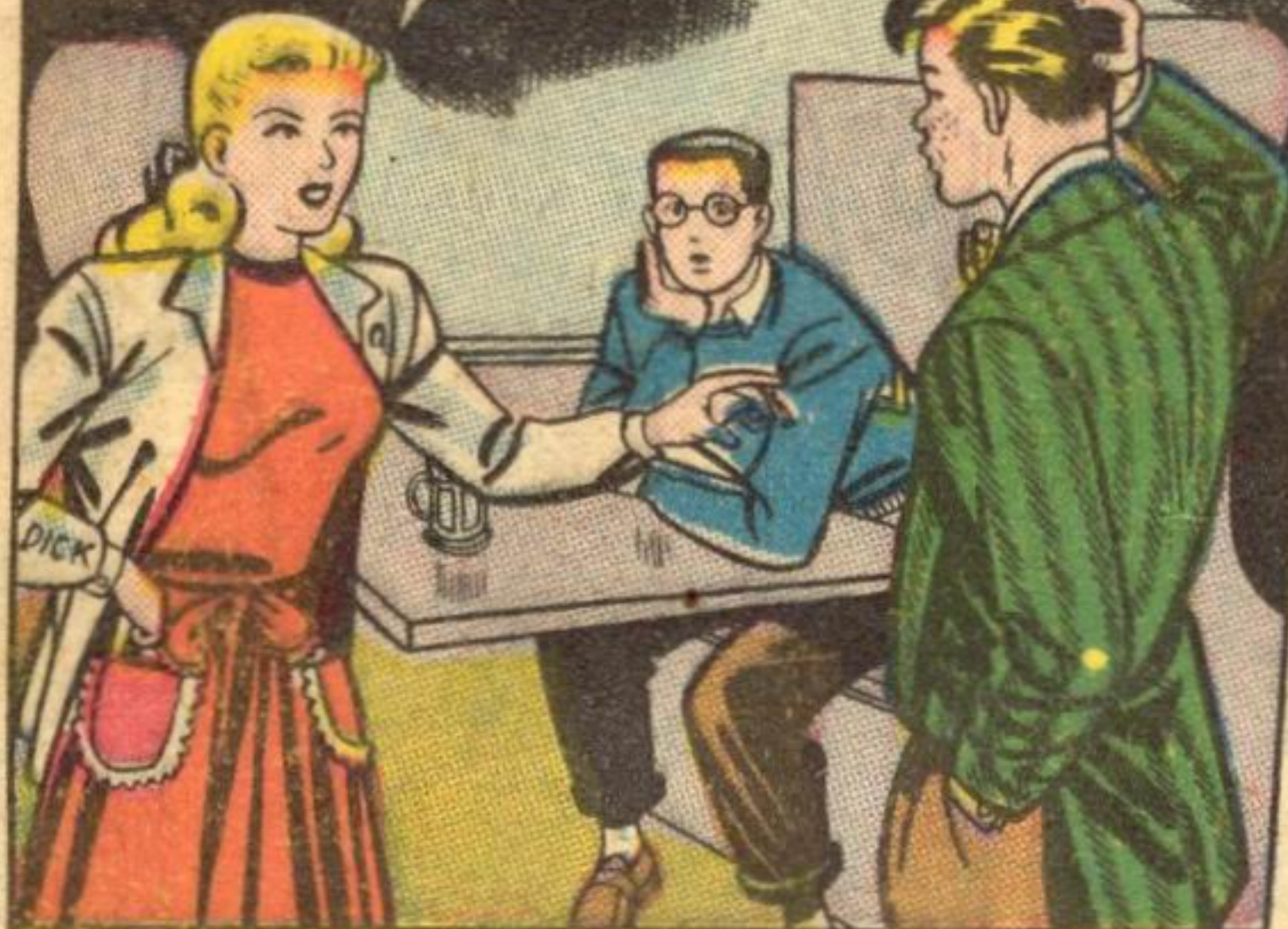
WELL, I JUST
WENT DOWN IN
HISTORY, TOO!



OH, PICKLES, **NO!** THAT MEANS YOU'RE FAILING **ALL** YOUR SUBJECTS-- AND FINAL EXAMS ARE TOMORROW!

GULP... THAT'S RIGHT, DEBBIE!

WELL, C'MON! WE'RE WASTING TIME HERE...WE'RE GOING HOME WITH YOU AND BURN THE MIDNIGHT OIL! YOU'RE GONNA **CRAM ALL NIGHT** IF NECESSARY, SO YOU'LL PASS!



GEE! I'VE **GOTTA** GO ON THE CLASS TRIP WITH YOU, DEBBIE!

AN' I'VE GOTTA SEE THAT YOU **DON'T** BUB! NOW LESSEE... HMMM...

AT PICKLES' HOUSE...

WE'LL START WITH **CHEMISTRY!** WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE GREAT CHEMISTS OF THE 17TH CENTURY?



ALL I KNOW IS THAT THEY'RE **ALL DEAD!**

STOP CLOWNING! WHAT DOES **HNO3** SIGNIFY?

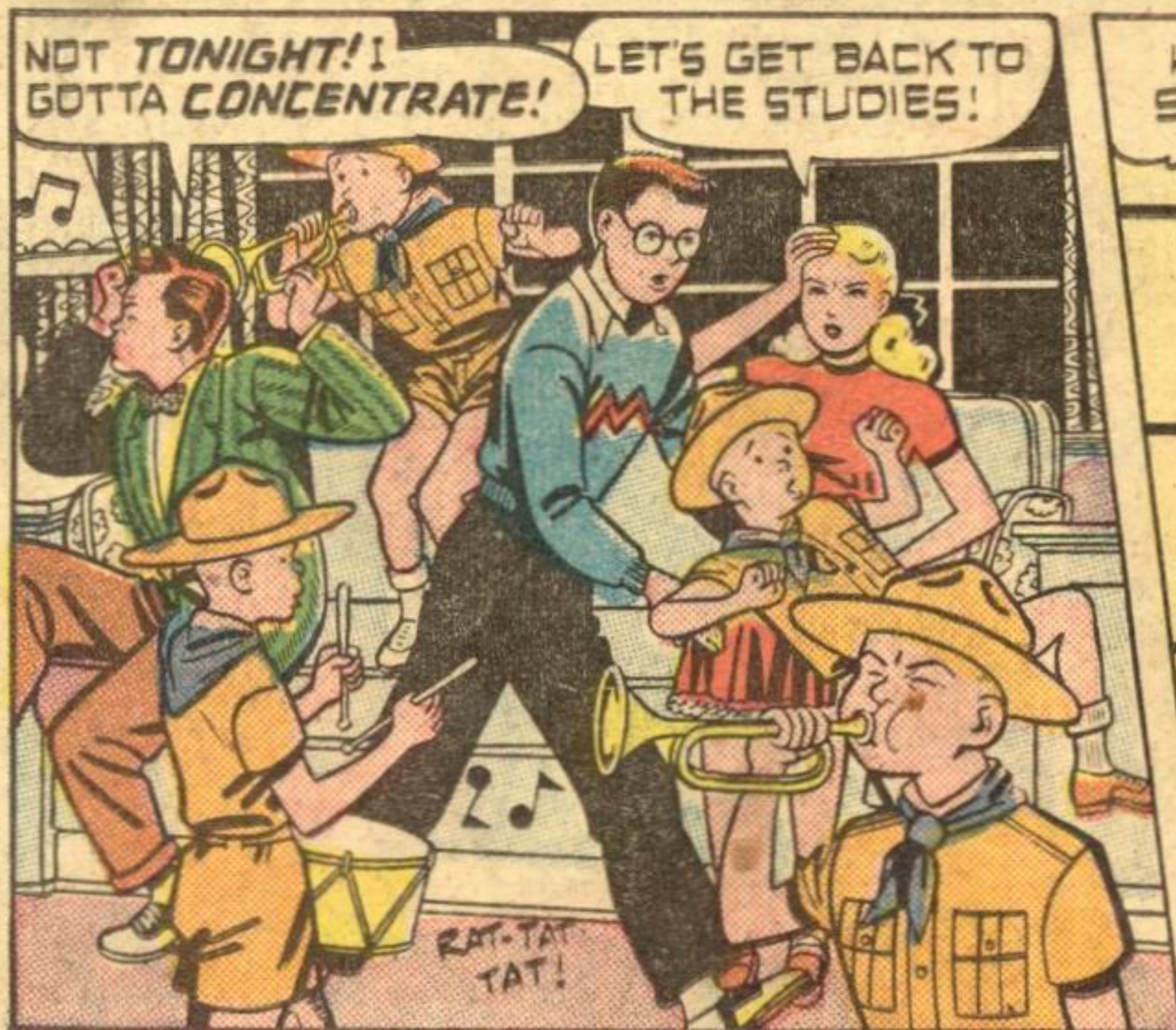
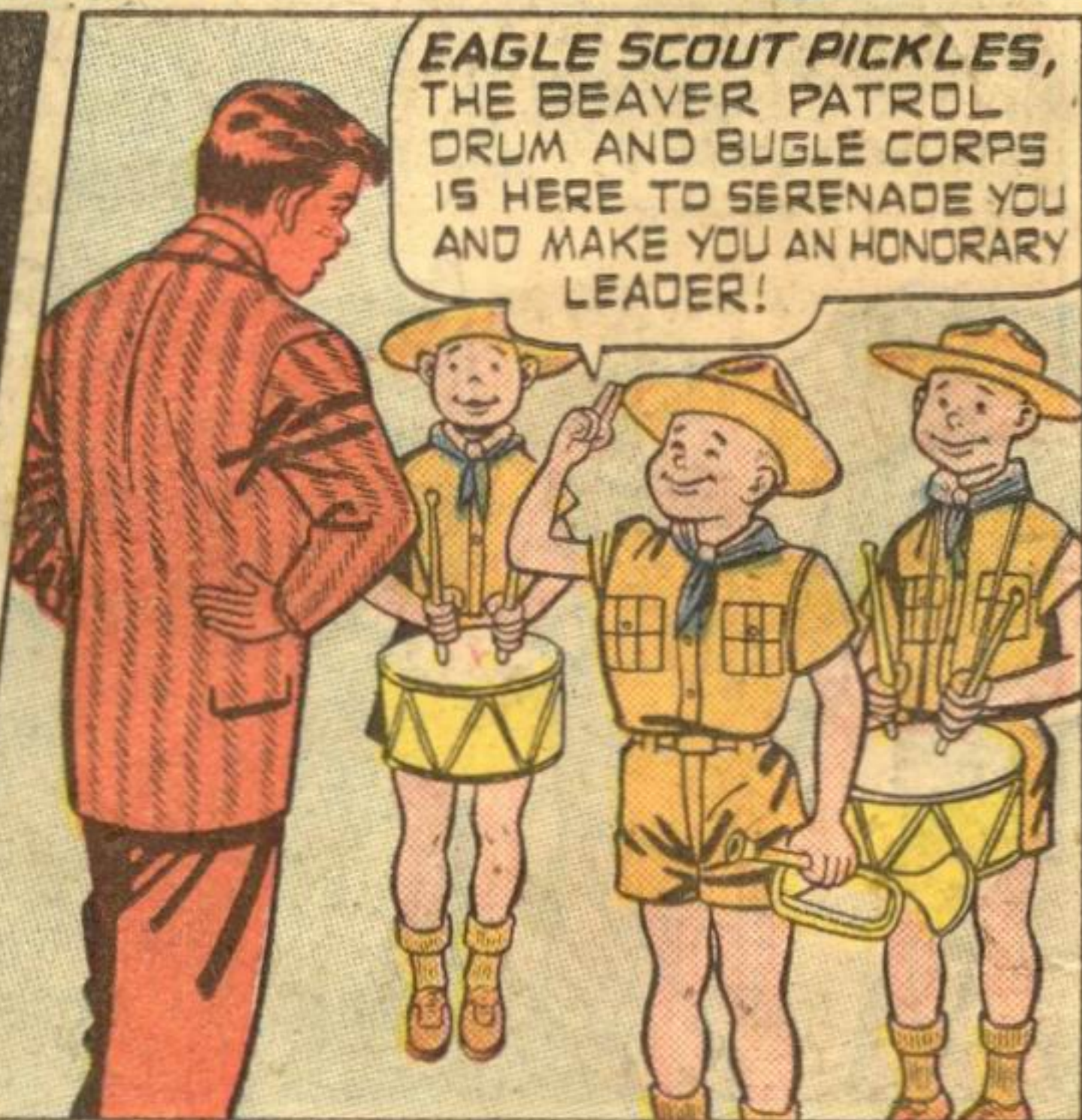
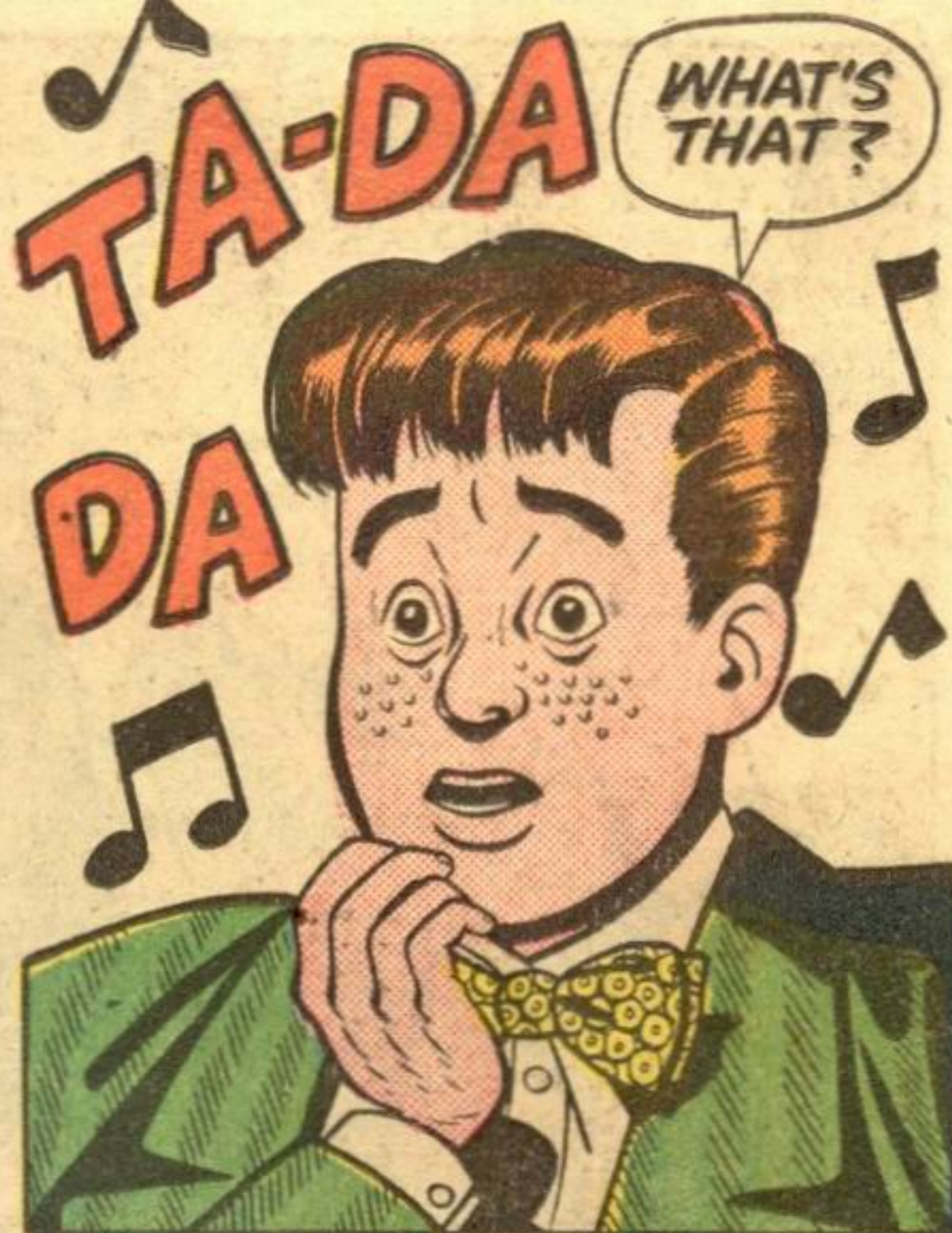
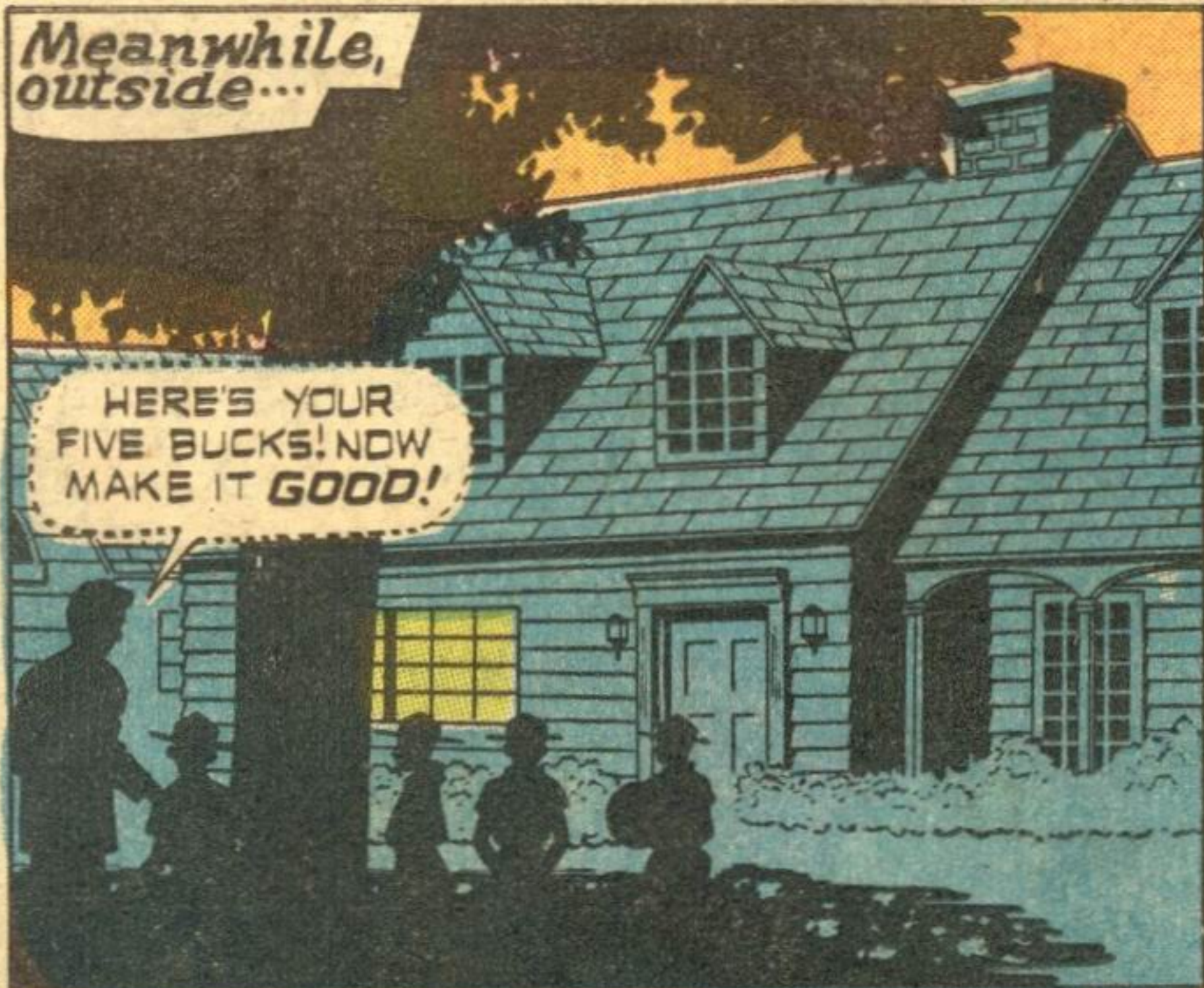
AH...ER...I'VE GOT IT **RIGHT** ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE!

WELL, DON'T SWALLOW IT... IT'S **NITRIC ACID!**

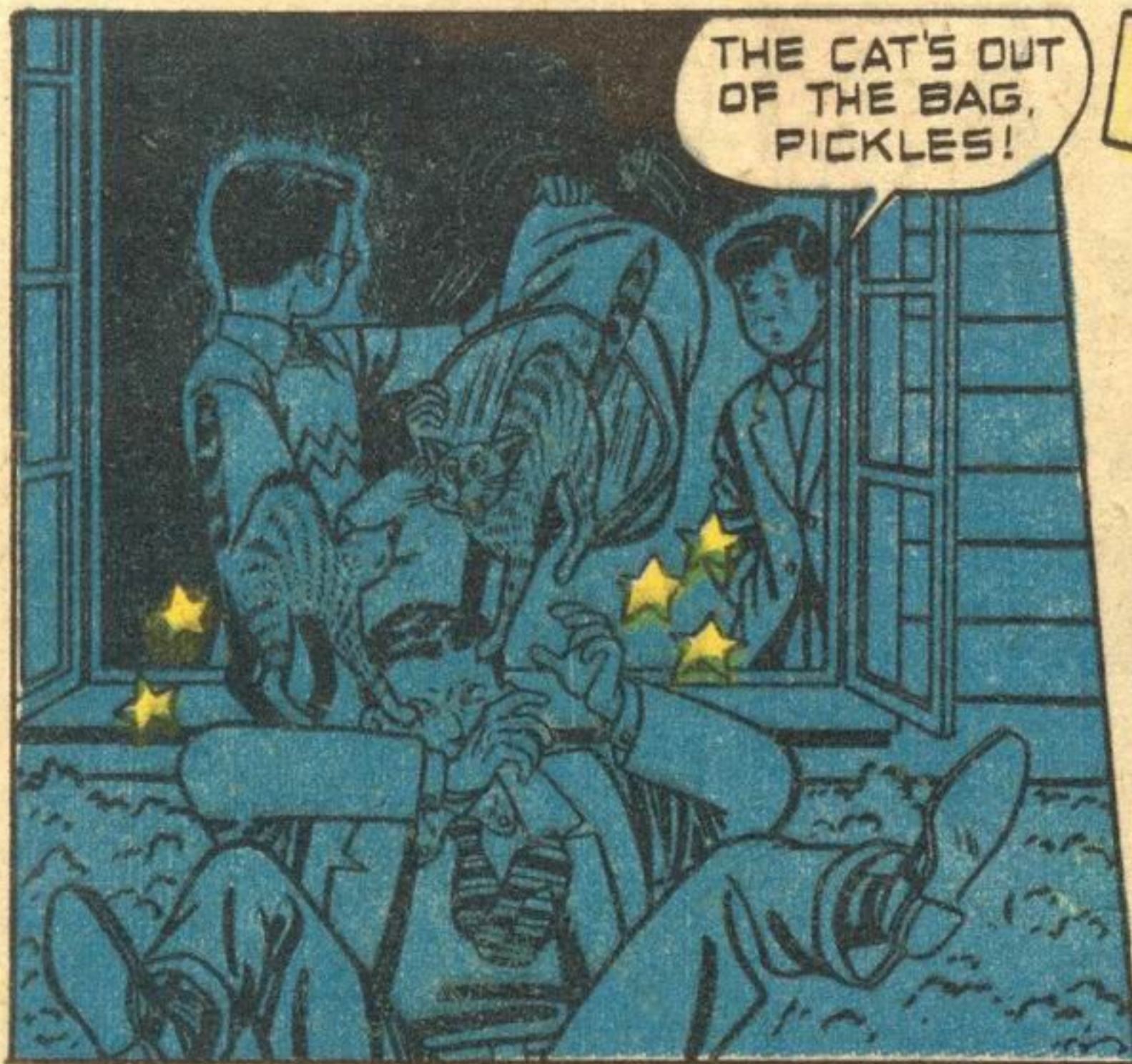


Meanwhile,
outside...

HERE'S YOUR
FIVE BUCKS! NOW
MAKE IT **GOOD!**







THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG, PICKLES!

The NEXT MORNING...



WAKE UP, PICKLES, WAKE UP! YOU'VE GOTTA STUDY AGAIN BEFORE THE EXAMS START!



IT'S NO USE, BINKIE... I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT! I'LL HAVE TO STALL FOR TIME!!



GOOD MORNING, PRINCIPAL PINK! I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU THAT PICKLES IS SICK, AND WON'T BE IN SCHOOL TODAY!

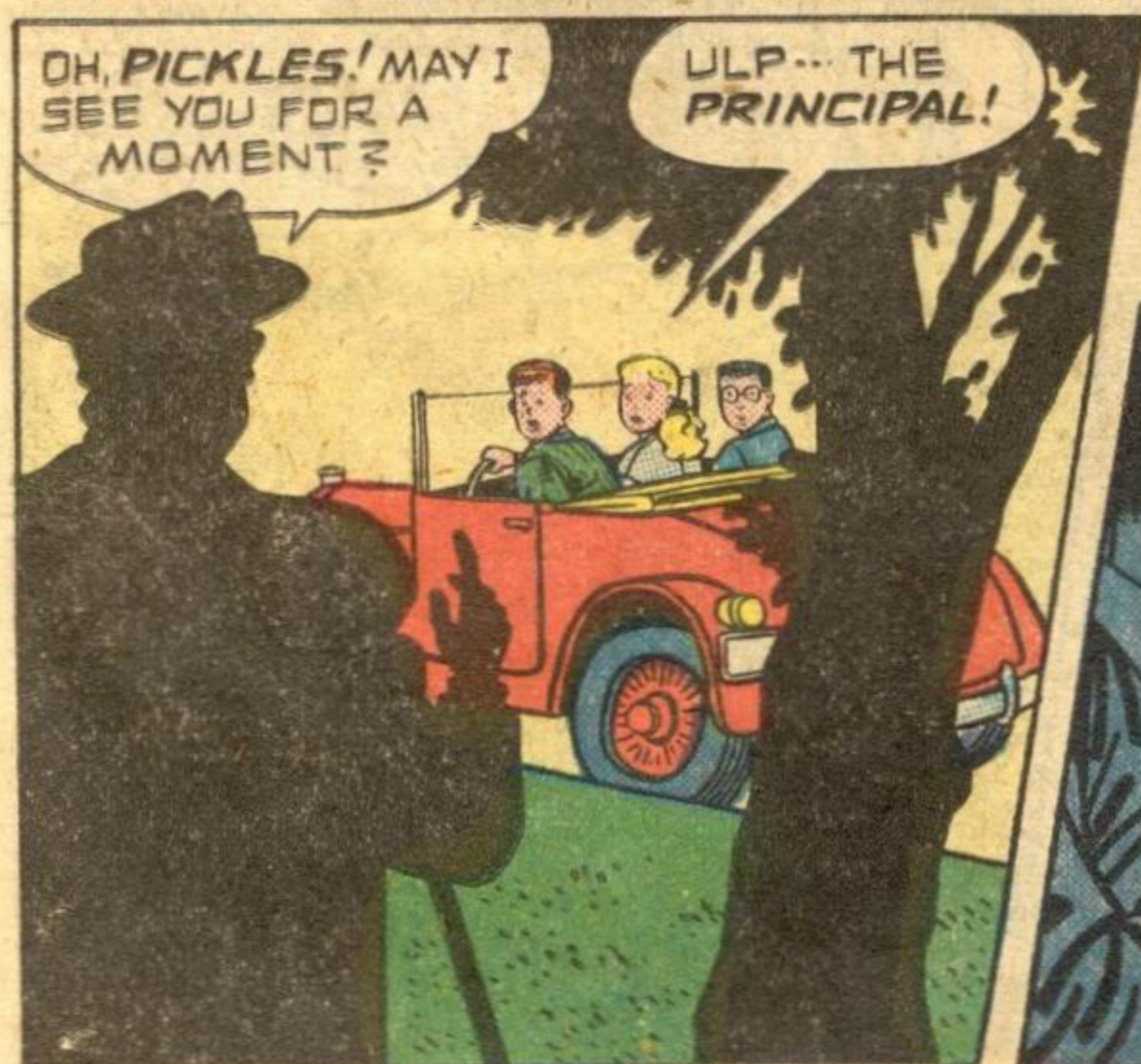
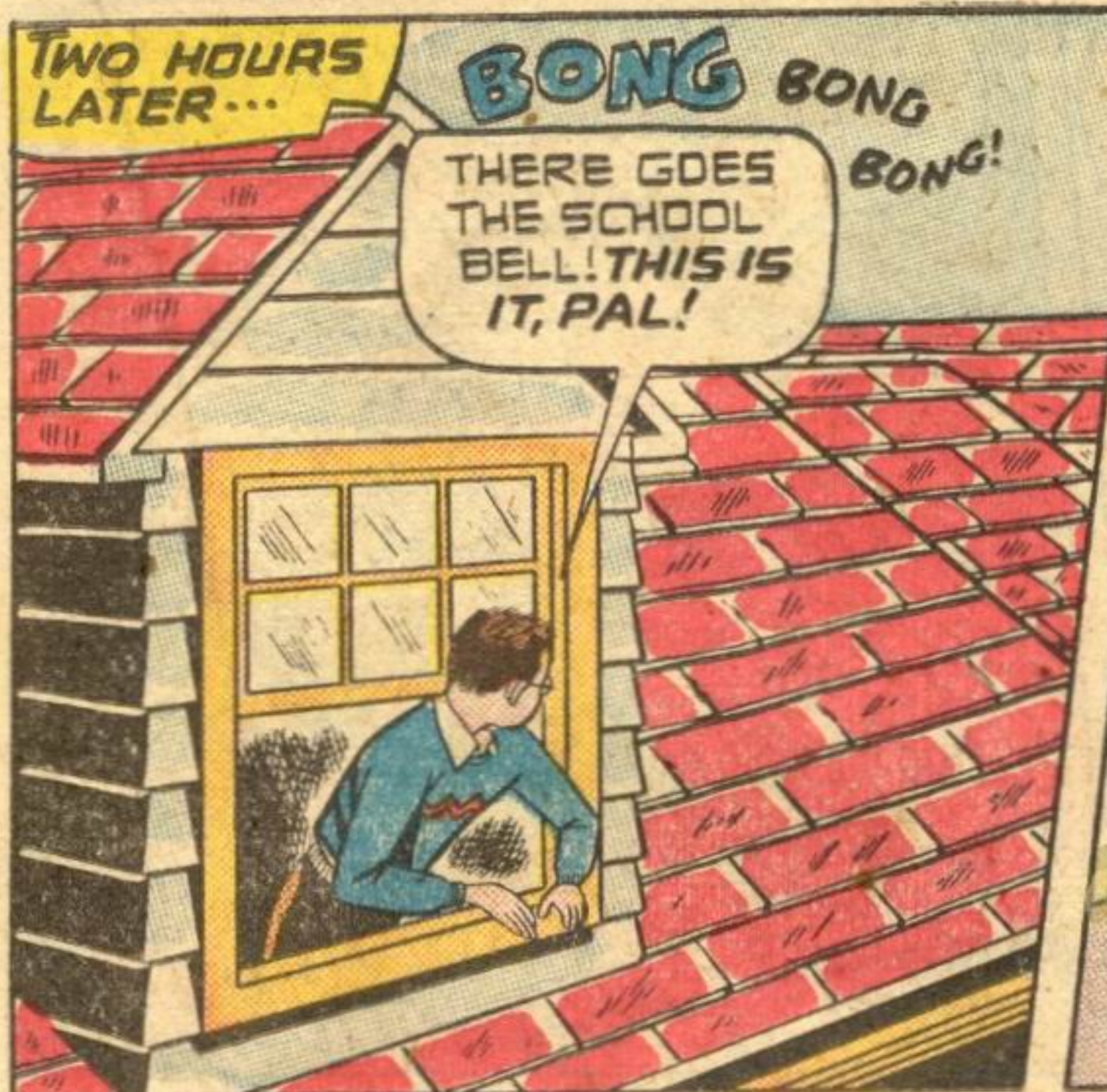


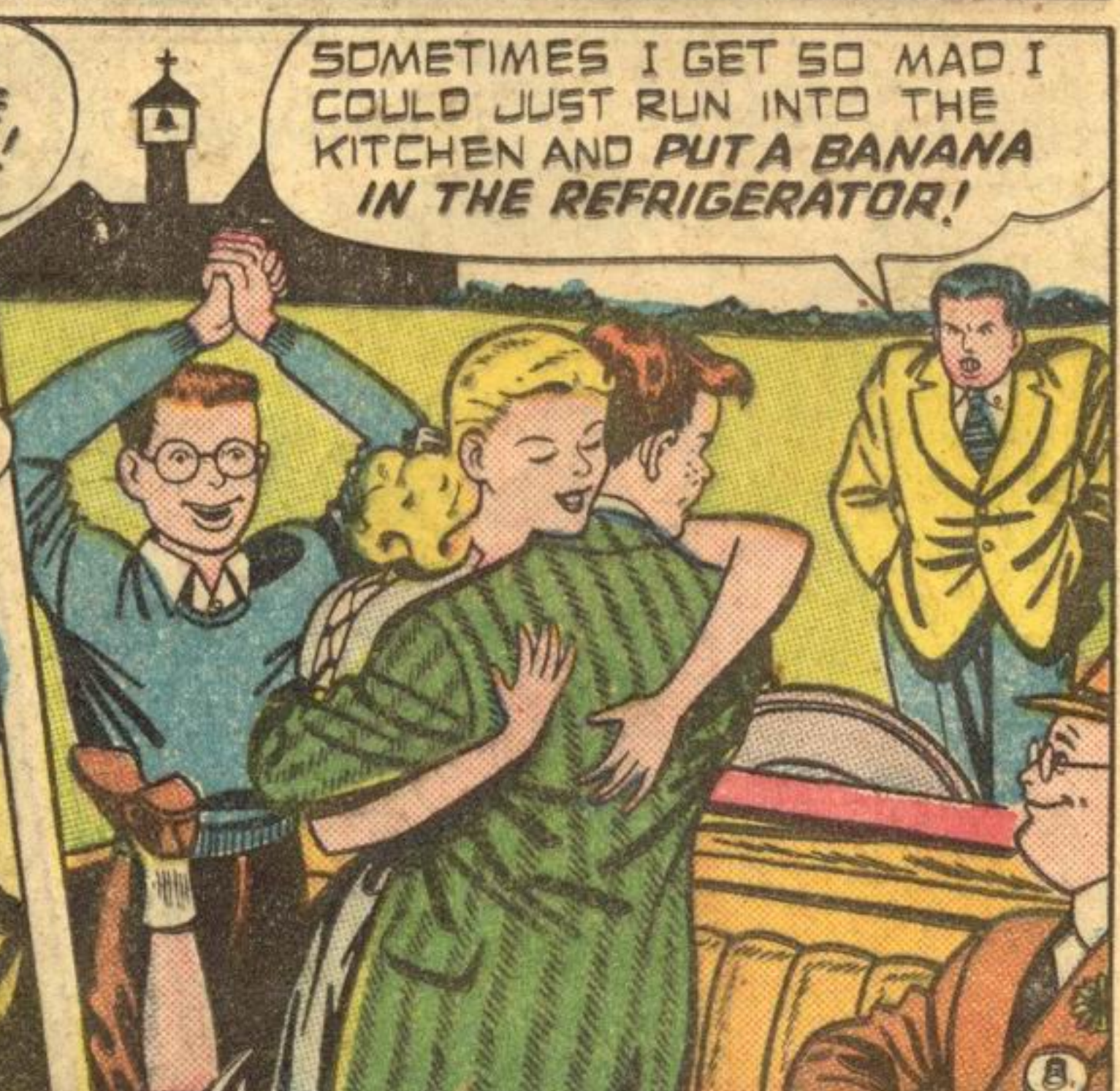
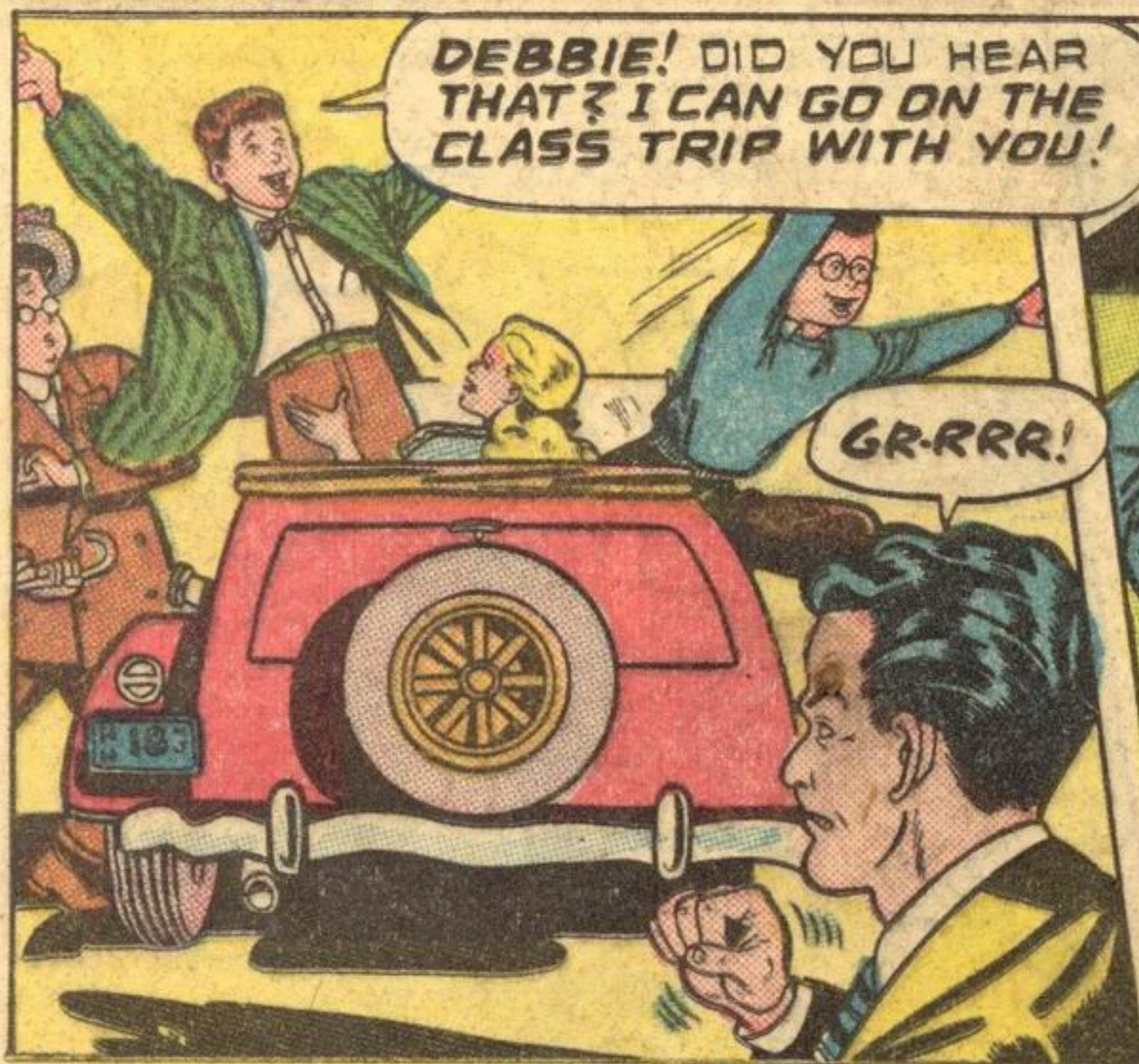
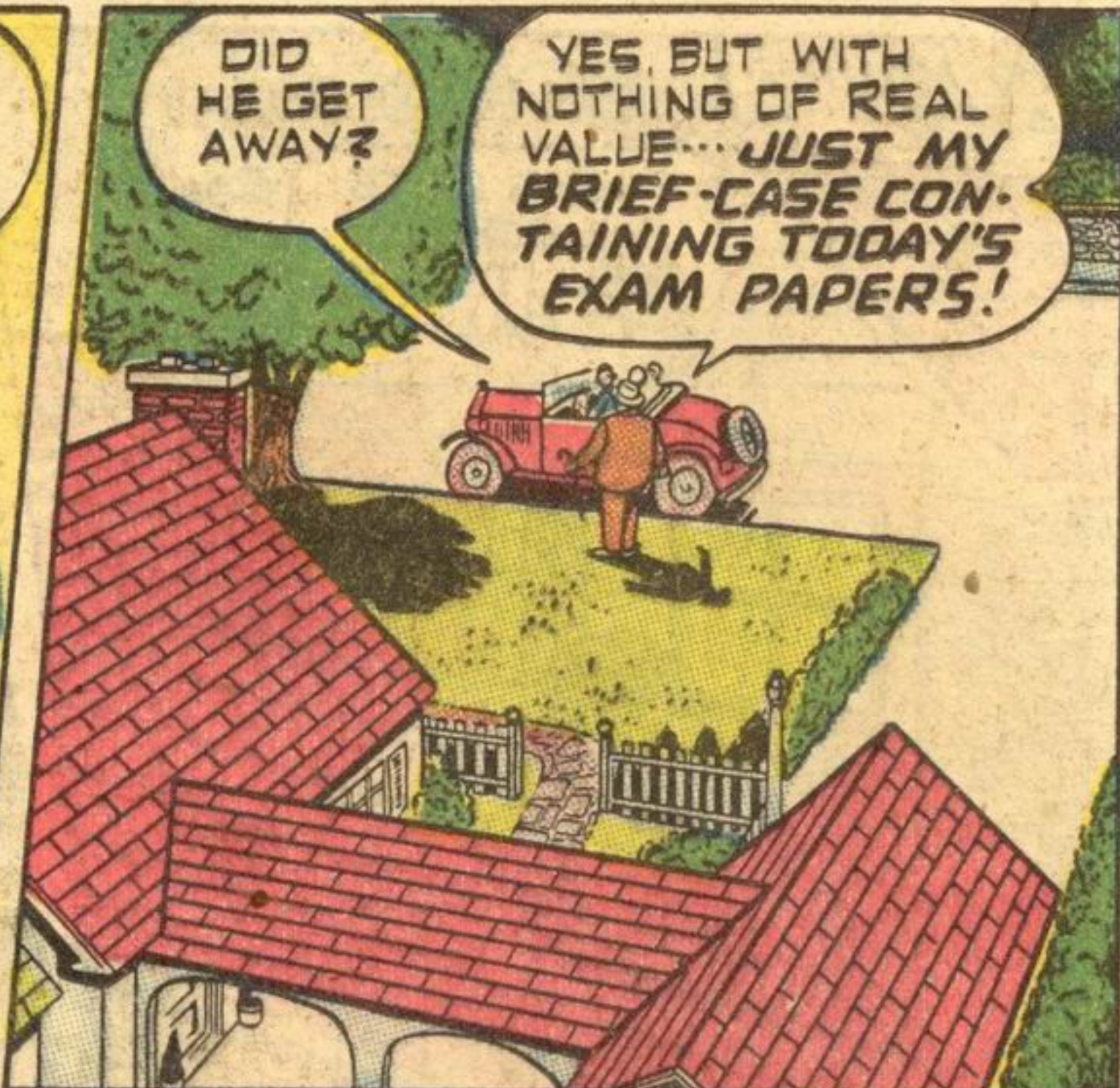
OH, I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT! WHO IS THIS SPEAKING, PLEASE?

AH-OH... ER-AHEM... THIS IS MY FATHER!

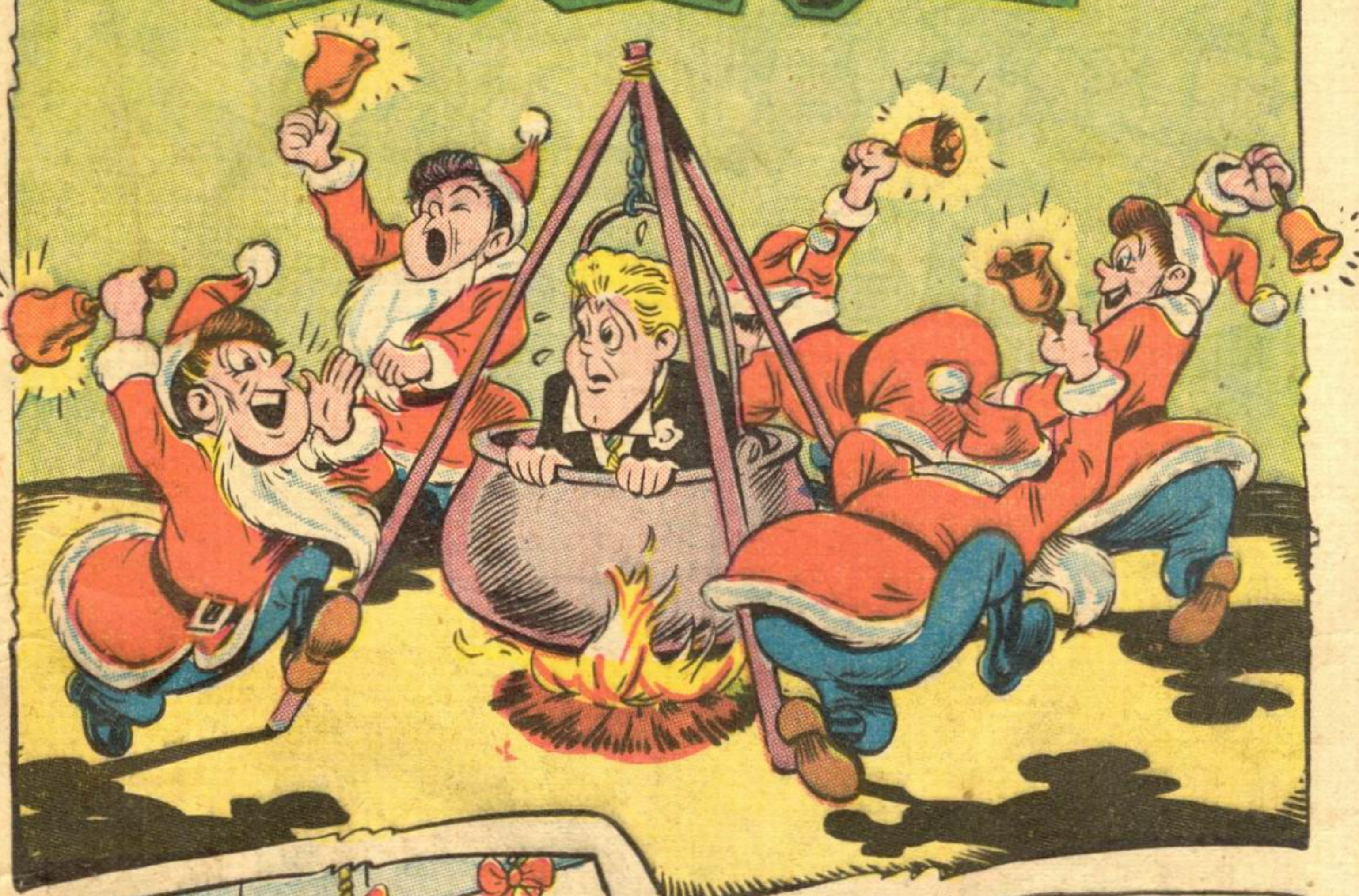


PICKLES! IT'S ENTIRELY TOO EARLY IN THE MORNING FOR JOKES! I'LL EXPECT TO SEE YOU IN SCHOOL TODAY!!





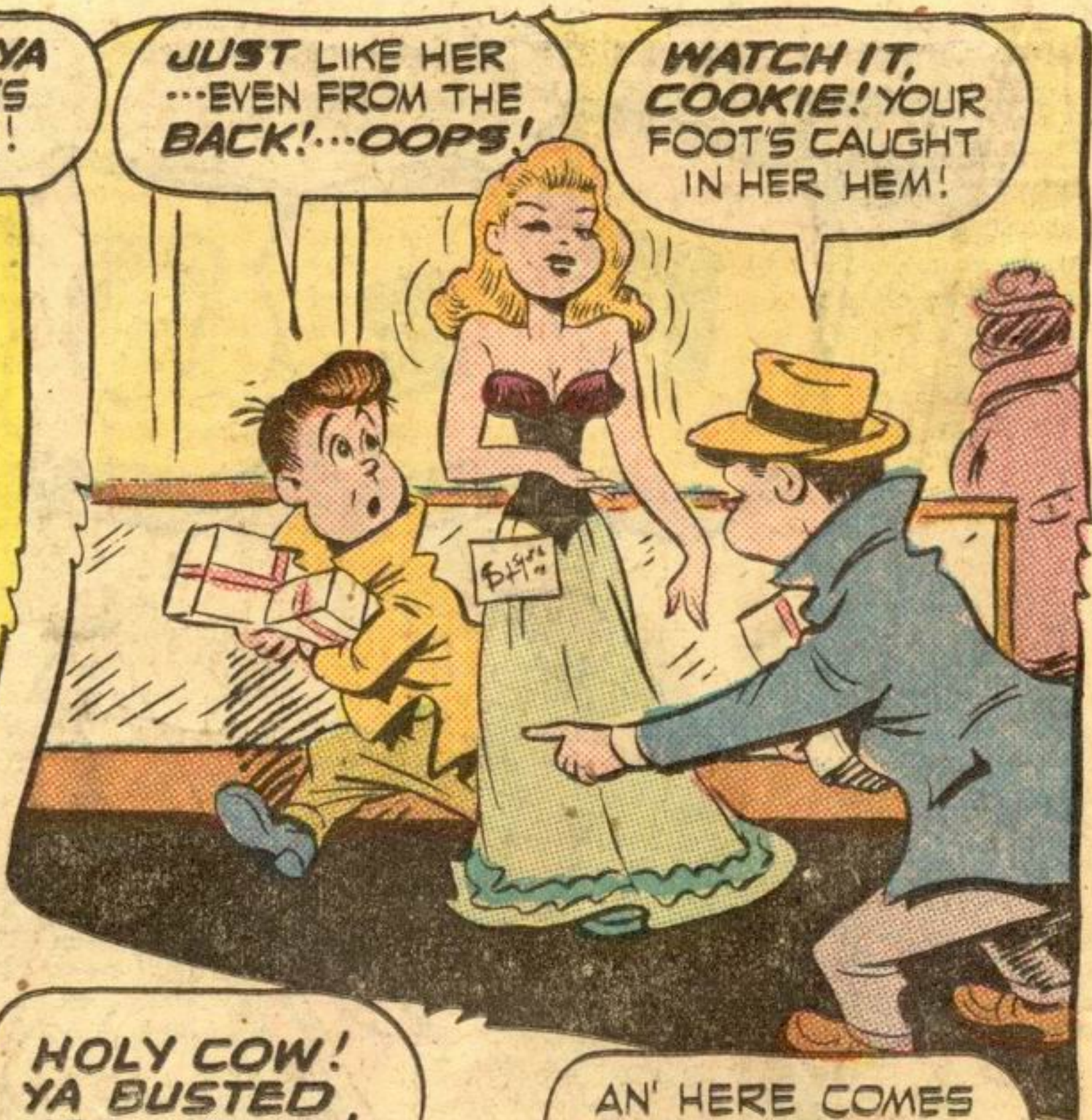
"COOKIE"





HEY, SPEAKIN' OF ANGELPUSS...
LOOKIT THIS DUMMY!

WELL, WODDEYA
KNOW! IT LOOKS
JUST LIKE HER!



JUST LIKE HER
...EVEN FROM THE
BACK!...OOPS!

WATCH IT,
COOKIE! YOUR
FOOT'S CAUGHT
IN HER HEM!



OOOF!

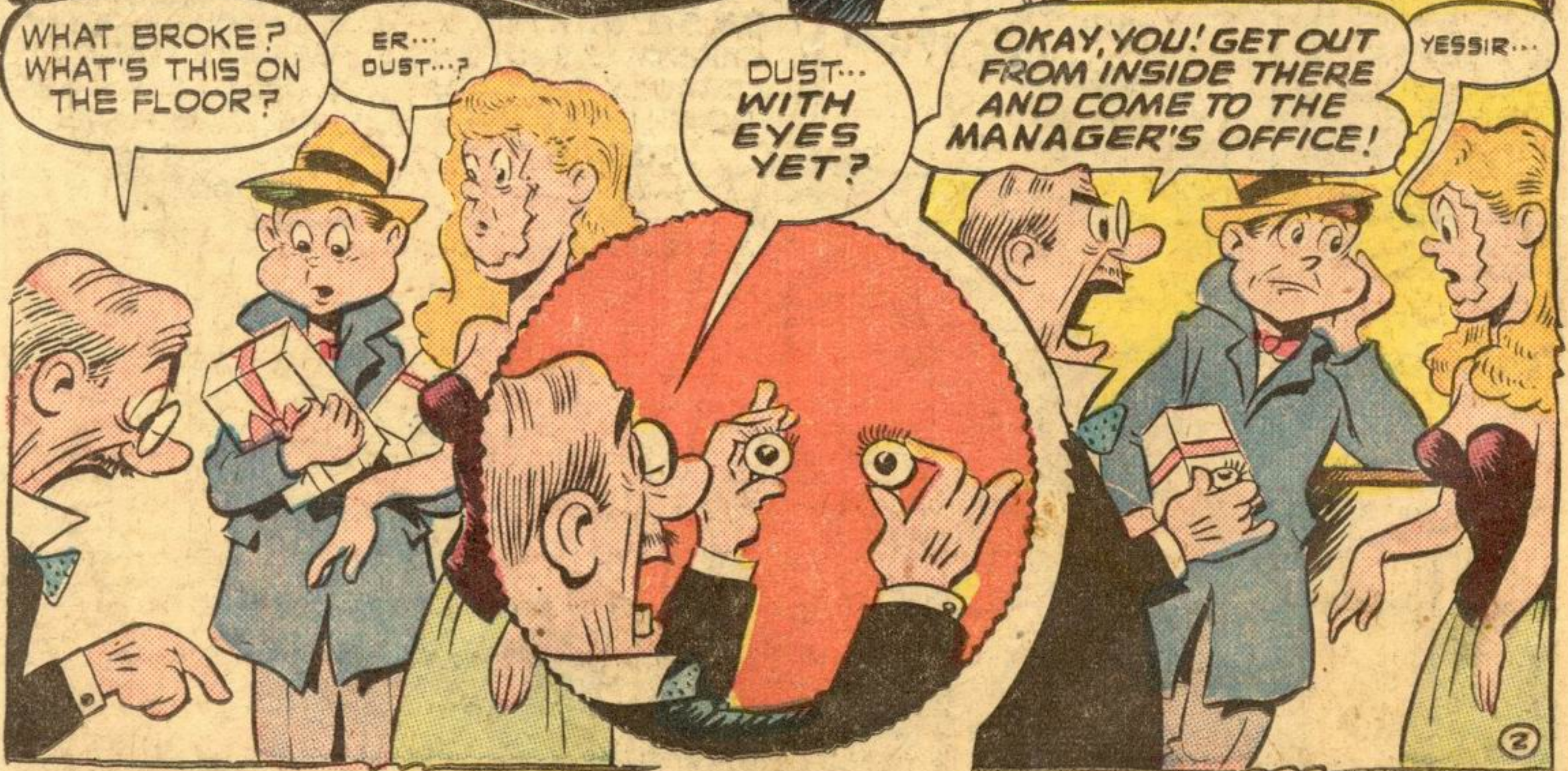
CRASH!



HOLY COW!
YA BUSTED
HER KISSER!



AN' HERE COMES
A CLERK! WOT'LL
WE DO?



WHAT BROKE?
WHAT'S THIS ON
THE FLOOR?

ER...
DUST...?

DUST...
WITH
EYES
YET?

OKAY, YOU! GET OUT
FROM INSIDE THERE
AND COME TO THE
MANAGER'S OFFICE!

YESSIR...

YOU ADMIT IT WAS YOUR OWN CARELESSNESS THAT CAUSED THE DAMAGE...**SO PAY UP!**

BUT JEEPER, SIR...**A HUNDRED AN' SIXTY BUCKS!** I'M B-BROKE! YA SEE, I JUST BOUGHT PRESENTS...

...FOR MY MOTHER AN' MY GIRL FRIEND...WHICH LEAVES ME **FLAT!**

HOLD IT, KID!... LISTEN, BOSS... THAT JOB IN THE SHIPPING ROOM...**BZZZ, BZZZ...**

THAT'S IT! HE CAN **WORK** IT OUT!

MANAGER

AHEM...IF YOU'LL TURN UP HERE FOR WORK EVERY DAY AFTER SCHOOL...AND ALL DAY SATURDAY AND SUNDAY THROUGH THE HOLIDAYS...I THINK WE CAN CALL THE WHOLE THING **SQUARE!** HOW'S **THAT?**

GEE, SIR, THAT'S JUST **PEACHY...** I GUESS!

LATER...AT THE SODA JERKERIE...

...SO I'M SORRY, ANGELPUSS, BUT I WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE YOU TO THE GAME TOMORROW! I GOTTA WORK...CHRISTMAS EXPENSES AN' ALL THAT!

I'M SORRY TOO, COOKIE!

WELL, I'M NOT! NOW YOU CAN GO WITH ME, ANGEL! **WOW!**

FORGET IT, ZOOT! IF **COOKIE** CAN MAKE SACRIFICES TO BUY PRESENTS FOR THE PEOPLE HE LIKES, THEN I GUESS I CAN FOREGO THE GAME AND **YOU TOO...** BECAUSE I LIKE HIM!

WHY? BECAUSE HE'S GOT A **JOB?** HUH...I COULD GET ONE TOO!

OH, COME NOW, ZOOT! WHO'D HIRE **YOU?**

HMMM...LET ME **THINK!** NOW JUST SUPPOSE YOU CAME IN TO WORK TOMORROW AND FOUND THAT I WAS YOUR BOSS! WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO **THAT?**

I'D SAY **OW!**

30...THE NEXT DAY...

OKAY, COOKIE!
SAY OW!

ZOOT! YOU
...A FLOOR-
WALKER? HOW
COME?

WELL...UNLIKE YOUR POP,
MY OLD MAN'S GOT IN-
FLUENCE! SO WHEN I
TOLD HIM I WANTED A
JOB AS YOUR BOSS, HE
SIMPLY CALLED AN OLD
FRIEND...WHO OWNS
THIS STORE...AND
FIXED IT!

OKAY, GOLDEN
BOY...SUCK ON
YOUR SILVER
SPOON! BUT
LEAVE ME
ALONE! I GOT
WORK TO
DO!

OH, I KNOW THAT
...AND YOU CAN
START BY GETTING
ME A GLASS
OF WATER!

WHY,
YOU...

CAREFUL, COOKIE...
REMEMBER I CAN
MAKE TROUBLE!
I'M YOUR BOSS, SO
RUN ALONG!

LET'S SEE, NOW!
I DIDN'T GET THIS
JOB BECAUSE I
LIKE TO WORK!

IF I CAN'T
MAKE A
BUM OUTA
HIM IN ANGEL'S
EYES, THERE'S
NO PROFIT
IN IT!



UMMM...A LITTLE
SWITCHING OF
LABELS ON THESE
PACKAGES, TO
START WITH!

HEY! WHAT
ARE YOU
DOIN'?

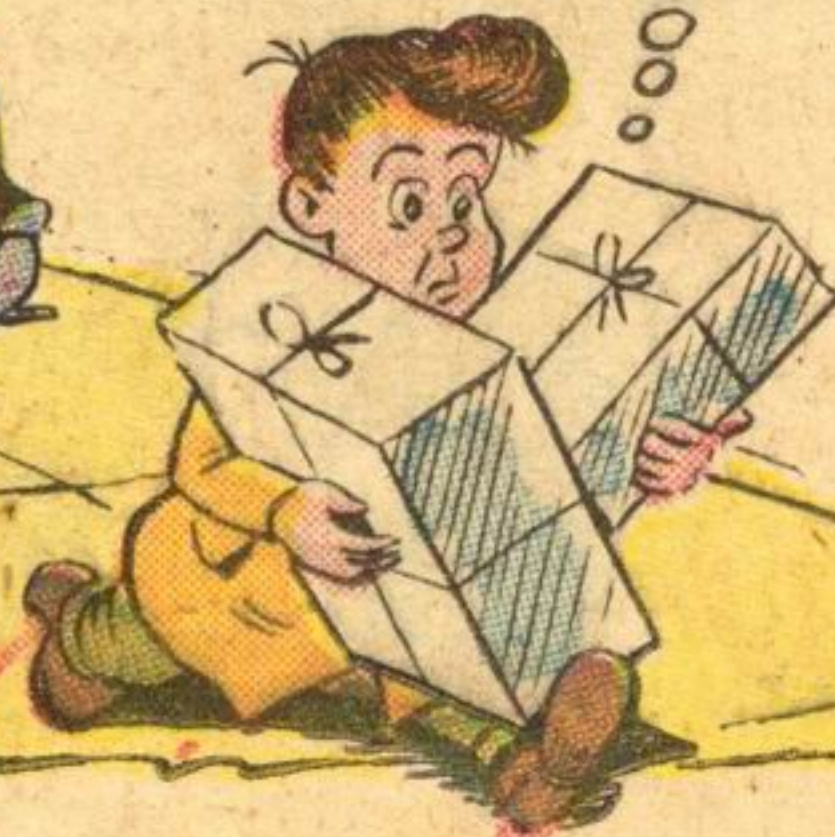


DON'T TAKE THAT
ATTITUDE WITH ME,
BOY! JUST GET BUSY
AND MAKE THESE
DELIVERIES!

SOMETIMES I WISH MY POP WAS
BORN RICH INSTEAD OF



-WELL...INSTEAD
OF THE WAY HE
LOOKS!



ONE MORE TO GO!
LET'S SEE...MR.
O'TOOLE...
833 NORTH...

WELL, WODDEYA
KNOW! THAT'S MY
HOUSE!

HIYA, MOM!
GOT A PACKAGE
FOR POP!

REALLY? I'LL BET IT'S
MY **CHRISTMAS**
PRESENT FROM
HIM! PROMISE YOU
WON'T SAY ANYTHING
IF I TAKE
ONE LITTLE
PEEK!

COOKIE! IT...
IT'S A **BEAUTIFUL**
FUR COAT!

...AN' A CARD THAT
SAYS "**TO YOU FROM**
YOUR LOVING HUSBAND!"!
...THAT DOESN'T SOUND
LIKE POP!

HE'S JUST THE DEAREST
MAN IN THE **WORLD!**...
I'LL HAVE TO MAKE
OUT LIKE I NEVER
SAW IT BEFORE
WHEN HE GIVES
IT TO ME ON
CHRISTMAS!

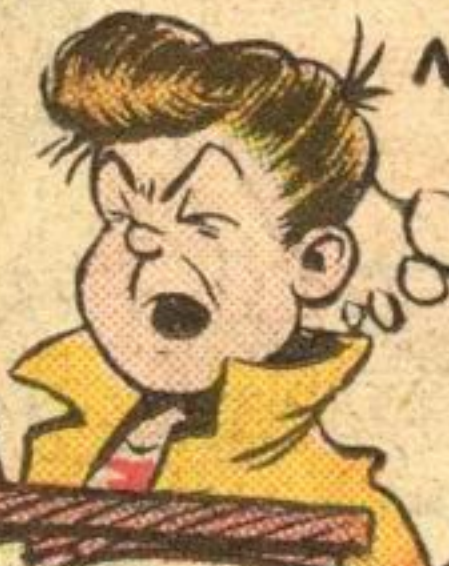
SURE, MOM...I
UNDERSTAND!
WELL, I GOTTA
BE GETTIN'
BACK TO THE
WORKHOUSE!
S'LONG NOW!

HEY, YOU...COME
WITH ME! THE
MANAGER WANTS
TA SEE YEZ!

A MR. FLINK CALLED TO
SAY THAT INSTEAD OF THE
FUR COAT HE ORDERED,
YOU DELIVERED AN **ELECTRIC**
IRON! **WHERE'S THE COAT?**
SPEAK UP!

WHY, AT **MY**
HOUSE, OF
COURSE! YOU
SEE...

THAT'S ENOUGH!...
JOE, YOU GO GET THE
COAT WHILE I CALL
THE POLICE! PLAIN
LARCENY, THAT'S
WHAT IT IS!



OH,
NO! POOR
MOM!

I...I GOTTA GET TO
THE HOUSE BEFORE
THAT MUG DOES!

COME
BACK,
YOU!



I'LL HAFTA BREAK
THE NEWS GENTLY!
POOR MOM...AN'
SHE LOVED THAT
COAT SO!



OH-OH!
COPS!



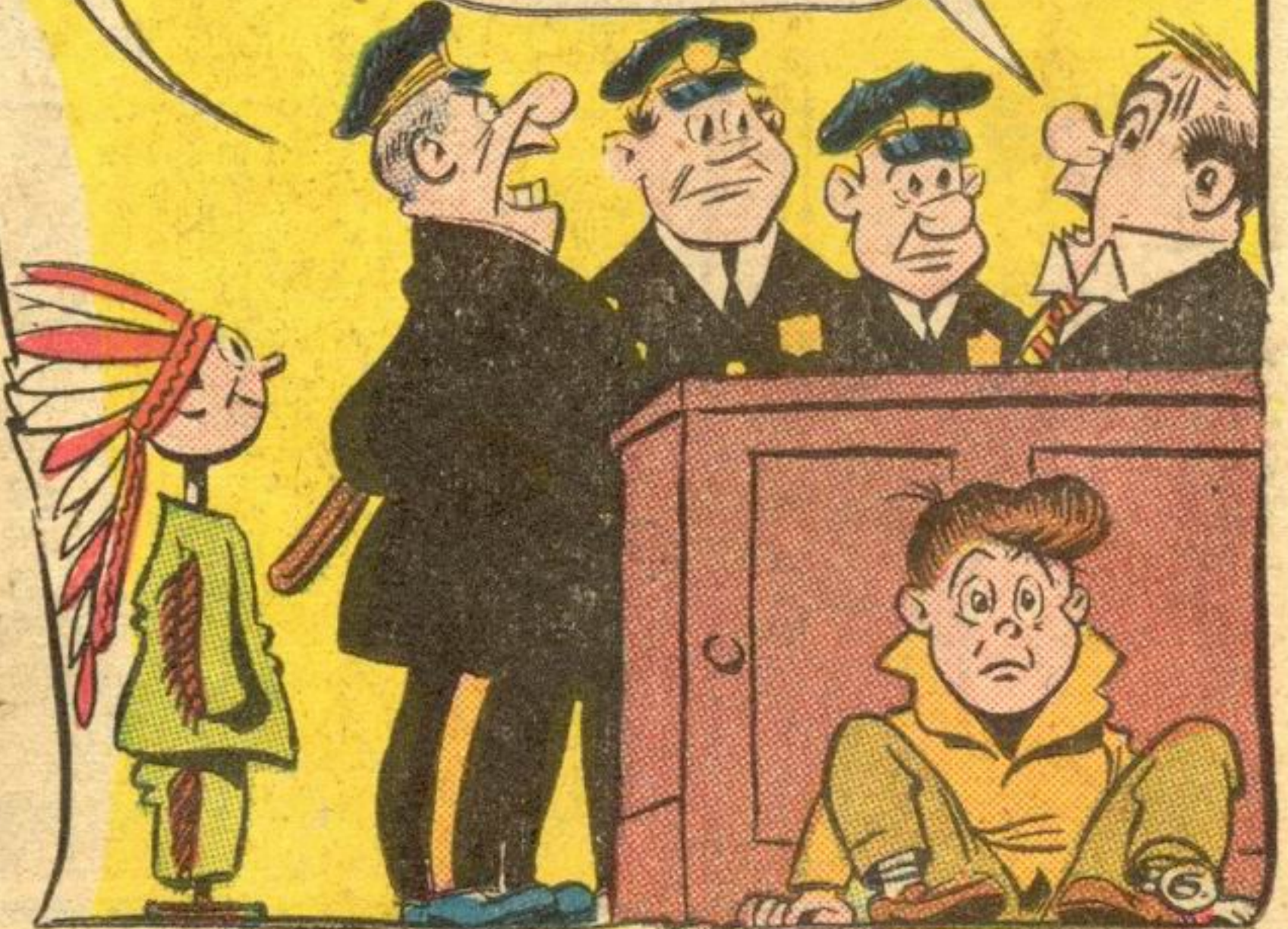
I GOTTA HIDE
AN' WAIT MY
CHANCE TO
GET OUT!



AN' WOT, PRAY, DID THE
CULPRIT LOOK LIKE,
BEJABBERS?

TOYS

WELL, HE WAS SHORT...WITH
DARK HAIR...A SHIFTY EYE...
FUNNY NOSE...DOPEY
EXPRESSION...





I HOPE THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE **ME**... BUT JUST TO MAKE **SURE**...



NOW IF I CAN JUST MAKE IT TO THE DOOR...

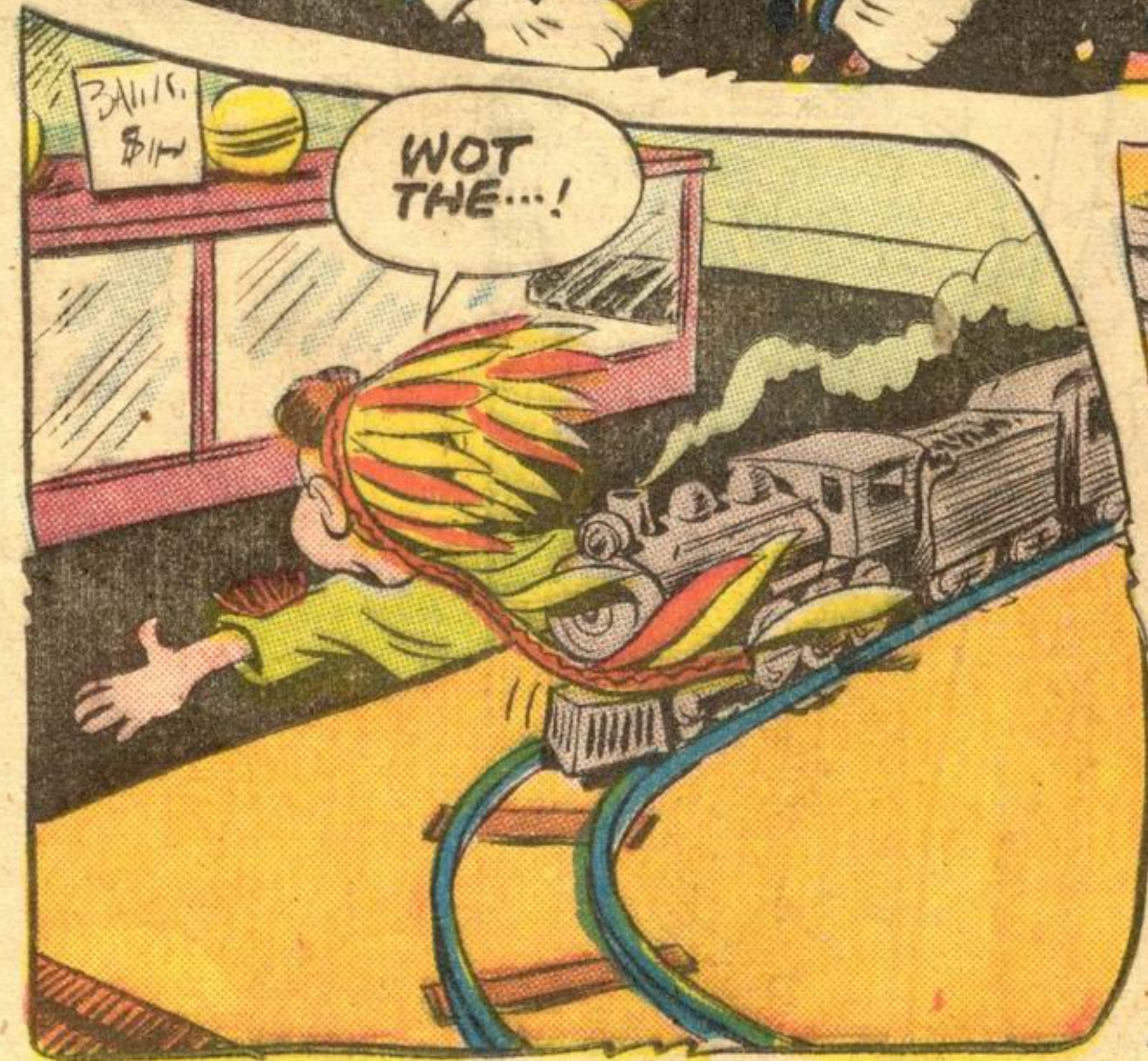


YA SURE YA GOT A PICTURE OF THE VILLAIN IN YER MINDS, BOYS?

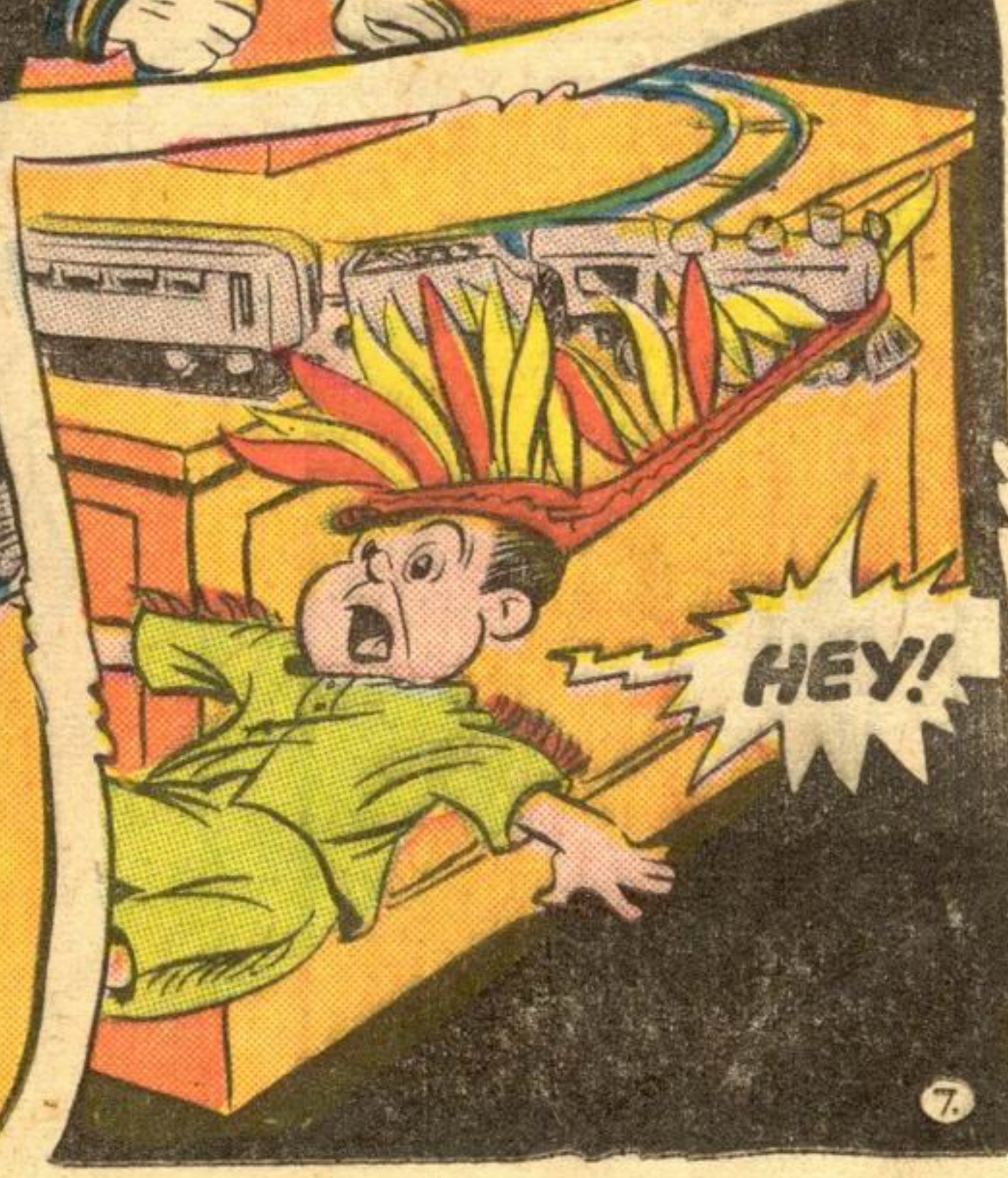
THAT I HAVE, SIR!

ME TOO!

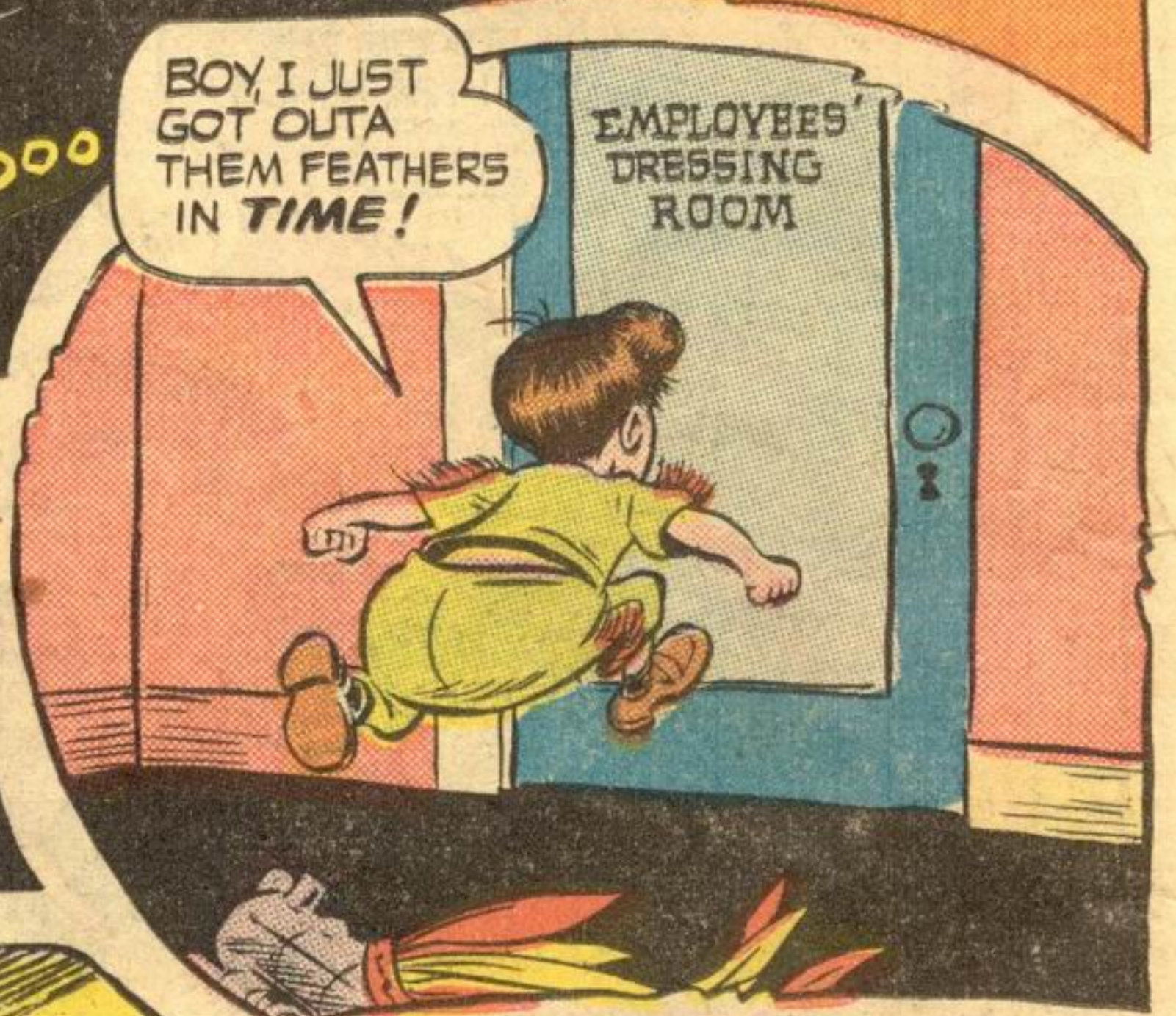
NUTS!



WOT THE...!



HEY!



"JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS,
JINGLE ALL THE WAY!
OH, WHAT FUN IT IS TO RIDE IN
A ONE-HORSE OPEN SL..."

TO
EVATOR

HEY,
YOU!

WHAT'S THE IDEA
OF TAKING MORE
THAN A HALF-
HOUR FOR LUNCH?
GET BACK ON
YOUR THRONE
...AND FAST!

ER...BUT...I
MEAN...YESSIR!
OF COURSE,
SIR!



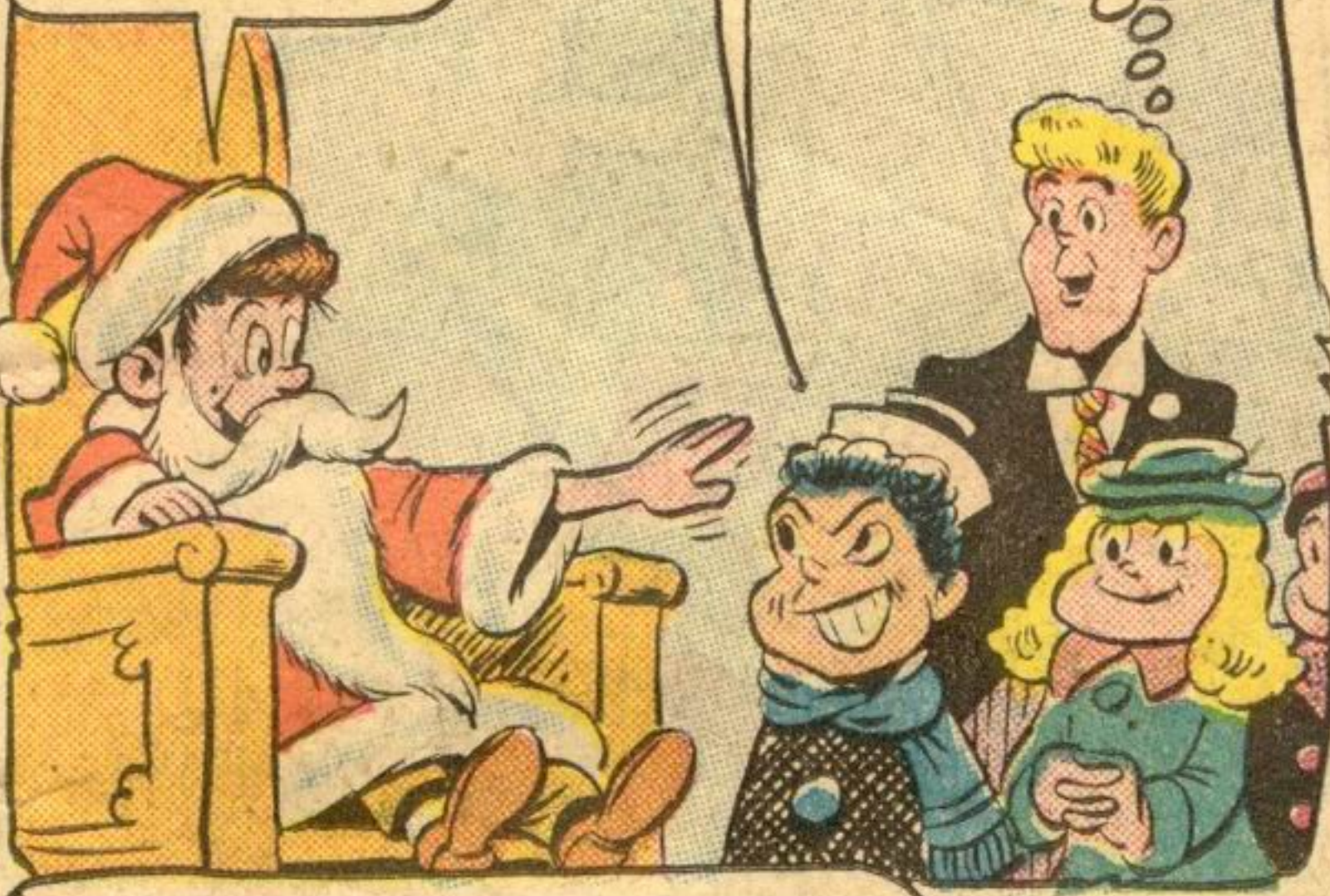
ER...AHEM! AN'
WOT DOES THE
LITTLE MAN WANT
ME TO BRING HIM
FOR CHRISTMAS?

LANA
TURNER!

WOT THE...!
THAT'S **COOKIE**
IN THE SANTA
OUTFIT!

MR. QUACKENBUSH!
YOU KNOW THAT KID
WHO STOLE THE
FUR COAT? WELL,
HE'S...

OH, YES... THAT
FINE YOUNG LAD!
IF YOU SEE HIM,
TELL HIM I'D LIKE
TO **APOLOGIZE!**
YOU SEE, WE FOUND
HE WAS **RIGHT**...IT
WAS ALL A **MISTAKE!**
SOMEBODY SWITCHED
THE LABELS ON THOSE
PACKAGES...SOME
JERK, NO DOUBT!

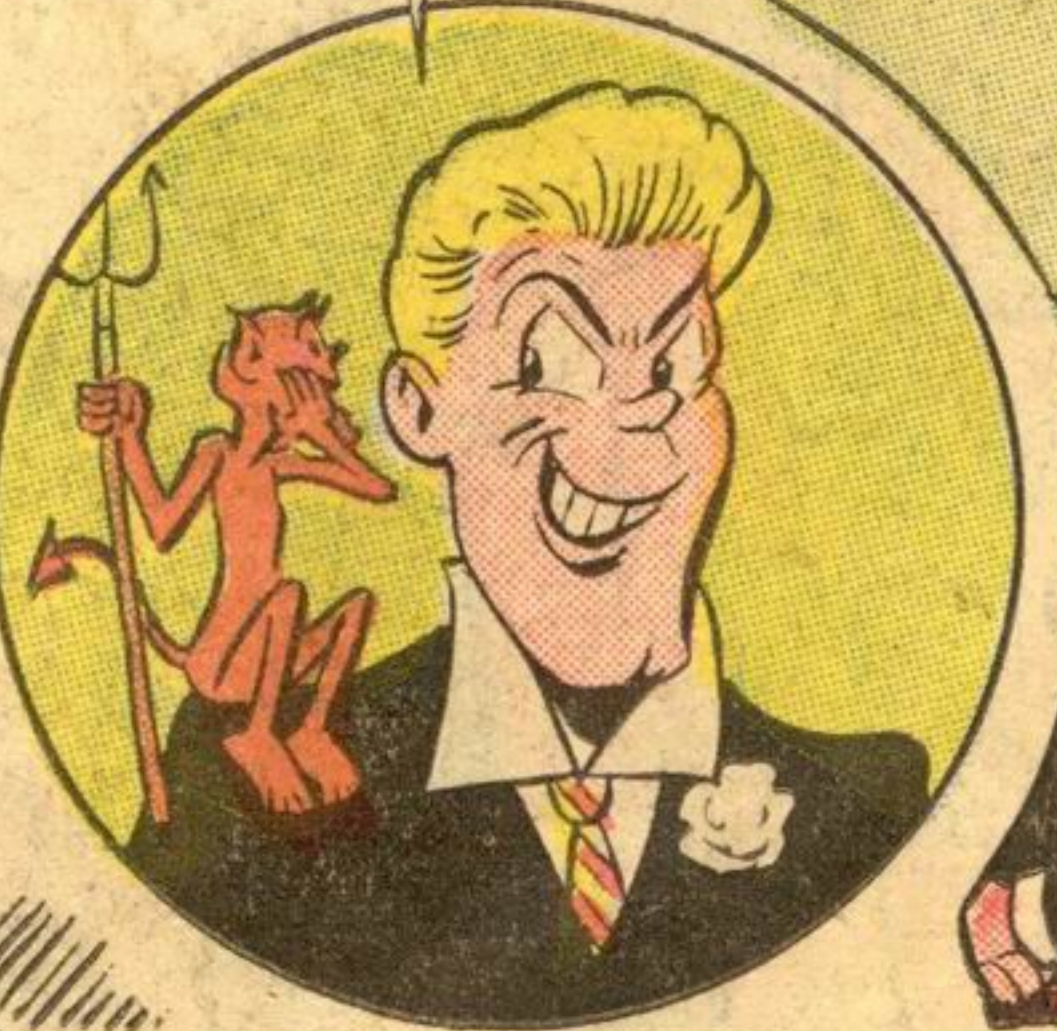


JEEPERS...I **REALLY** GOTTA
DO SUMP'N TO MAKE HIM LOOK
BAD NOW! OTHERWISE HE'LL PUT
'EM WISE THAT I HAD SUMP'N
TO DO WITH ALL THIS, AN'...
LET'S SEE NOW!

UMMM....

HI, SANTA! MAKIN'
ALL THE LITTLE BRATS
...I MEAN, KIDDIES
...HAPPY?

ZOOT!
ER... THAT
IS... SURE!
OF **COURSE!**



FINE! SO SANTA'S
GIVING YOU *EVERY*
THING YOU WANT,
EH, KIDS?

WELL, HE HASN'T
GIVEN US ANYTHING
...BUT HE'S SURE
MAKIN' A LOTTA
PROMISES!

PROMISES!! OH, HE'S GOING TO BE
MUCH TOO BUSY ON CHRISTMAS
TO BRING EVERYTHING HE'S
PROMISED! SO YOU'D BETTER
JUST HELP YOURSELVES
NOW!... ISN'T THAT
RIGHT, SANTA?

HUH?
B-BUT...
WELL, I GUESS
YOU'RE THE
B-BOSS!

YIPPEE!
I'M TAKIN'
A BIKE!

'LECTRIC
TRAINS FOR
ME!

I'M GETTIN'
ME FIVE
DOLLS!

CHRISTMAS
WAS NEVER
LIKE THIS!

GEE,
THANKS,
SANTA!

HEY, WOT'S THE
IDEA? GIMME
MY COAT!

Y-YESSIR!

WHERE'S ALL THE TOYS?
THE JOINT'S CLEANED
OUT!

BELIEVE IT OR
NOT, SANTA...
BUT SHORTY
HERE GAVE
THEM ALL
AWAY!

WHY, YOU LITTLE PUNK! WOTCHA TRYIN' TA DO...RUIN MY JOB?

B-BUT...

MR. MANAGER! MR. MANAGER! I CAUGHT A RAT, MR. MANAGER!

FURS

HEY, MOM, LOOKIT SANNY CLAUS! HE'S GONNA HIT THAT BOY!

WELL! OF ALL THE DISPLAYS!

I'LL NEVER SHOP IN THIS STORE AGAIN! COME, JUNIOR!

WAIT!

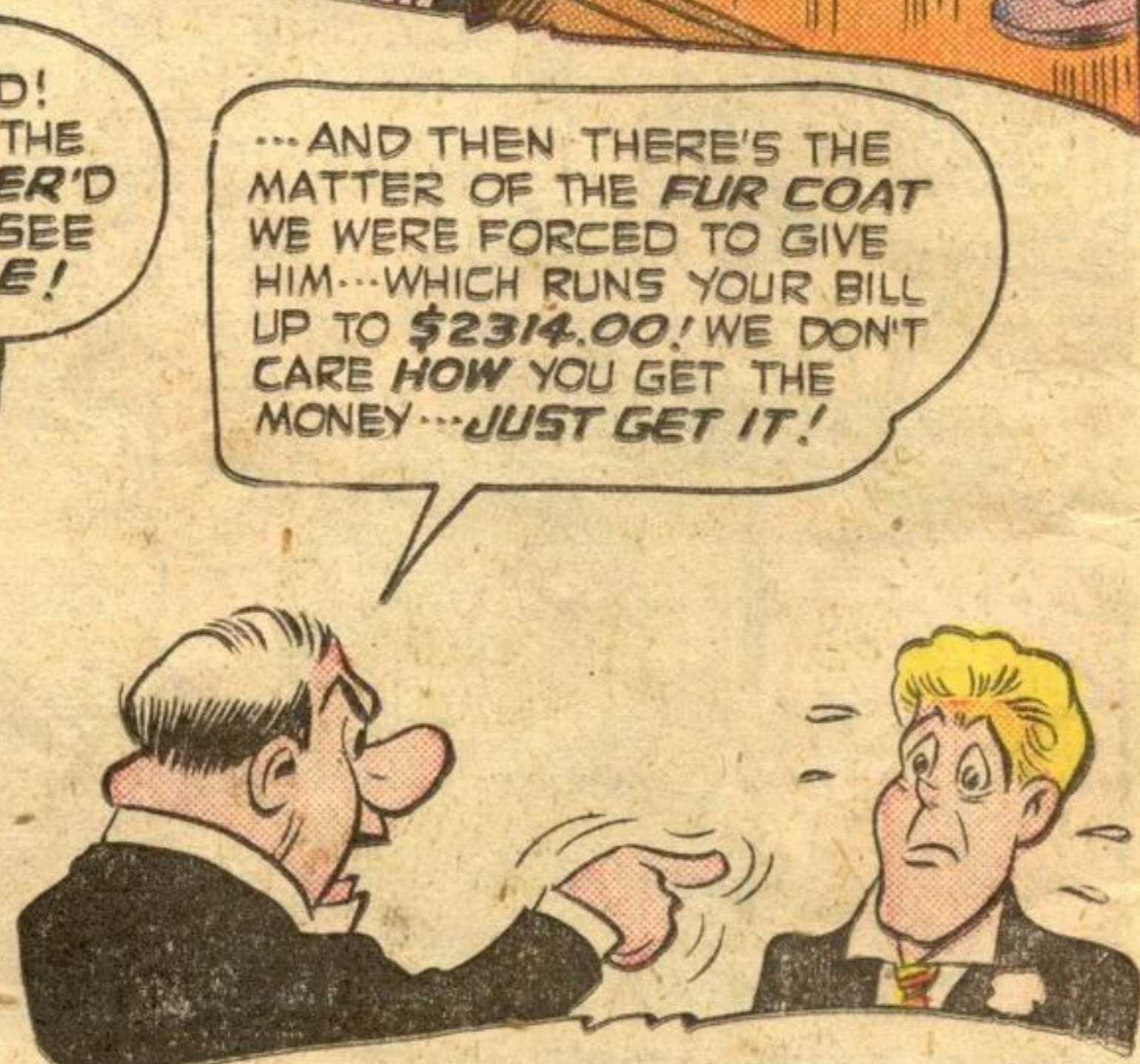
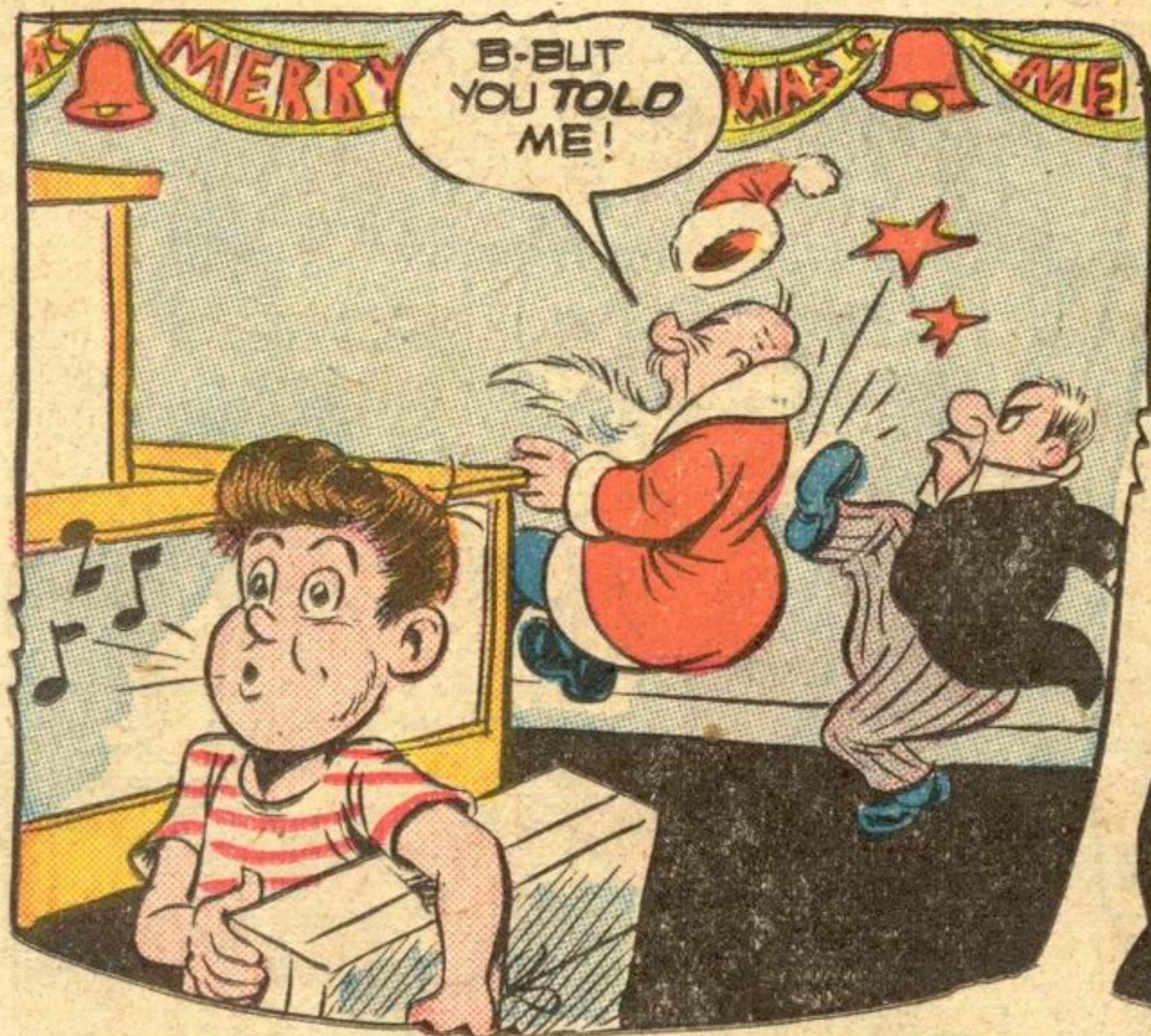
ER...PLEASE, LADIES! DON'T GO! AH...SANTA WAS JUST PLAYING! HE REALLY MEANS TO GIVE THE YOUNG MAN A PRESENT! ER...YES! A PRESENT...

GO ON, YOU JERK! FOR THE GOOD OF THE STORE...GIVE HIM SOMETHING, QUICK!

ER...YES, SONNY! HA-HA! JOLLY OL' SANTA AN' ALL THAT...I WAS JUST JOKIN'! NOW, WHAT IS IT YOU'D LIKE?

HMMM...WELL...I'LL JUST TAKE ONE OF THESE FUR COATS FOR MY MOM!





The YANKS ARE COMIN'!

COOKIE O'TOOLE sat bolt upright in bed and clutched his cheek violently. "Yipes!" he exclaimed ruefully. "Toothache!"

He dressed, tiptoed to the bathroom for a bottle of toothache drops, and stole silently down to the garden. "Gotta get rid of this toothache fast," he muttered. "If I hafta go ta that ol' Dr. Fallsplate, I—I—"

"Hi, Cook, what's with you?" a voice broke in on Cookie's frenzied thoughts. Cookie whirled around, trying to hide the medicine bottle. Then he breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, it's you, Jit," he greeted his pal. "Brother, have I got a *toothache*!"

"Lemme see," demanded Jit, advancing towards his suffering buddy.

"I . . . ova . . . eeh . . . baa," Cookie opened his mouth wide, pointing to a back tooth.

"Gee!" breathed Jit. "*The Grand Canyon!* Brother, are you ever lucky I came along! I will now demonstrate the Jitterbuck

Jones Toothache Cure! All I do is take yer head in my hands, get a good grip on ya, and twist yer neck . . . *like so!*"

"Hey! Ouch!" yelped Cookie. "My neck! My tooth!"

"Don't give up," Jit urged him warmly. "Ya don't wanna hafta go ta ol' Dr. Fallsplate, do ya?"

"No!" snapped Cookie decisively.

"All right, then. Ya gotta cooperate, and the *Jitterbuck Judo*'ll do the trick! Stand on yer head!"

"The purpose o' this," Jit informed the struggling Cookie, as he tugged at his feet, "is ta cause yer red corpuscles ta circulate around yer gums, see? Now waggle yer feet an' cross yer arms on yer chest an' . . . *Cookie!*"

"I think my leg's broken," Cookie said when he could finally speak. "I musta slipped."

"But yer *toothache*!" Jit exclaimed. "How's *that*?"

"Worse'n ever," moaned Cookie.

"Then there's only *one thing* left!" Jitterbuck offered. "Yank out the tooth . . . yer-self!"

Up to the attic went Cookie. He tied a piece of twine around the aching tooth. The other end went around the doorknob. But before he could proceed any further—wham! The door swung back on its hinges . . . and Cookie lay flat on his back!



"Why, son, whatever are you . . . ?" Un-suspecting, Mrs. O'Toole entered the attic, after having dealt her miserable son a sound blow with the attic door.

"It's . . . it's nuthin', mom, honest," Cookie trembled. "I was just tryin' . . . I mean . . . er . . ."

"Trying *what*?" Mrs. O'Toole's wise eyes read the situation at a glance. "All right, Cookie O'Toole, get your hair combed and your face washed. *You're going to the dentist's!*"

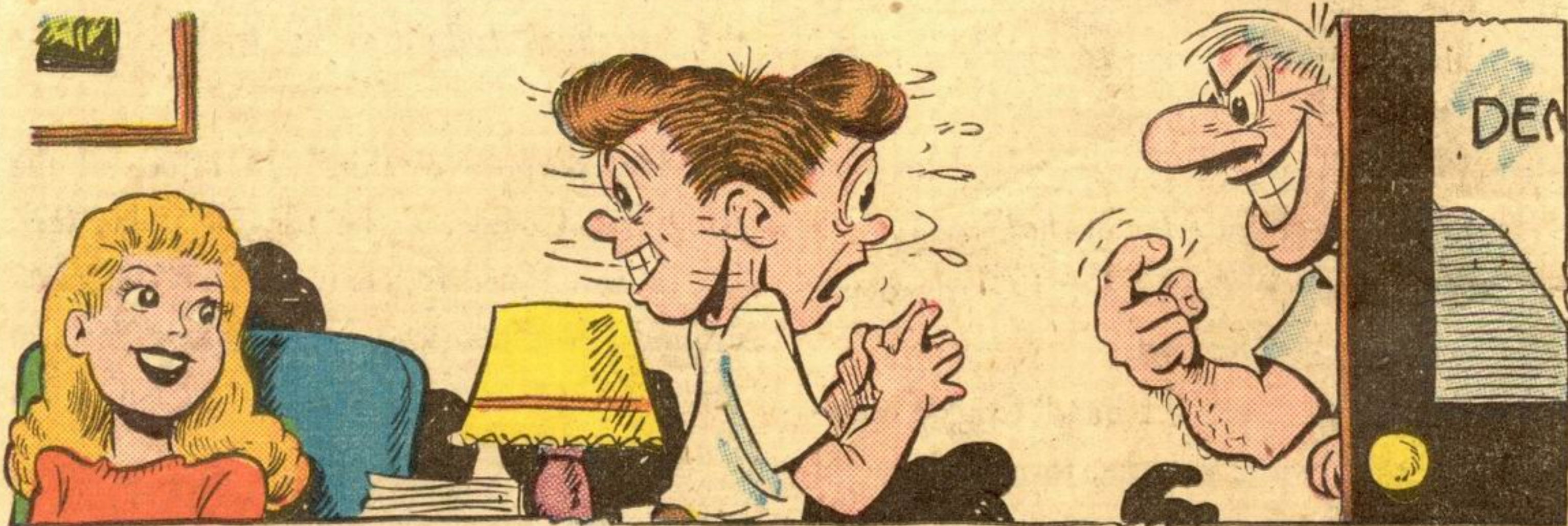
A half-hour later, Cookie sat nervously in Dr. Fallsplate's waiting room. "I'm *not* goin'

weak little laugh. "I should say *not*. What's there ta be scared about?"

"Oh, Cookie," Angelpuss sighed, clasping her hands together, "you're so *brave!*"

When the nurse beckoned Cookie into Dr. Fallsplate's presence, the young hero felt a surge of panic. But he also felt Angelpuss's blue eyes upon him! So in he went!

When Dr. Fallsplate tilted the chair back as far as it would go, Cookie felt as though his last moment had come. The dentist picked up a wicked-looking instrument and poised it over his face. "Now, where is your trouble?" he asked severely



in!" he said to himself. "There're seven people waitin'—I'll let 'em all go first an' by that time, it'll be too late fer me! That's what I'll . . . *huh?*"

The "huh" was spoken aloud and addressed towards the shapely figure of Miss Angelpuss Witherspoon, who had just entered the waiting room. Angel looked pretty, but mighty uncomfortable. Her eyes lit up when she saw Cookie.

"Oh, Cookie," she breathed soulfully, seating herself near the trembling warrior, "aren't you scared stiff?"

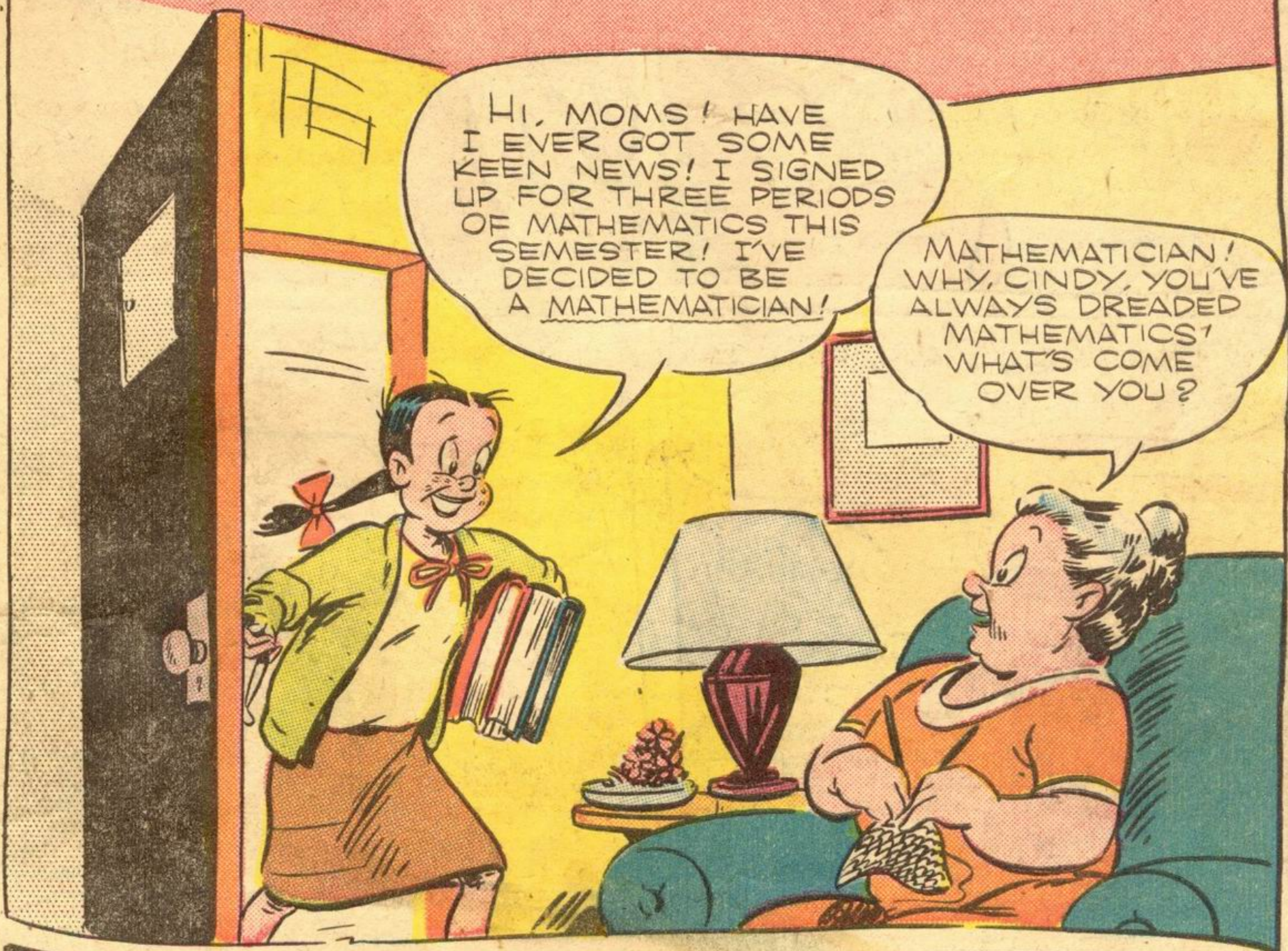
"Ere," mouthed Cookie, in the faintest of whispers.

The dentist looked at Cookie's teeth. Then he looked at Cookie. "My dear boy . . ." he started to say, when the phone rang. "Excuse me a minute, I'll be right back," he stated. For a few minutes he spoke briefly into the phone, and then he advanced on Cookie again.

"My dear boy," he said once more, "I've just been speaking with your mother, who tells me something I've already discovered. *You have no tooth there . . .* it came out when your mother . . . er . . . slammed you with the attic door! *You're dismissed!*"

"Scared?" repeated Cookie, managing a

OUR KID SISTER



LATER
THAT
EVENING -

GEORGE, OUR CINDY
HAS DECIDED TO BE A
MATHEMATICIAN!

GOOD
HEAVENS
--NO!

SHE IS MAJORING
IN MATHEMATICS!
OH, OH, THE PHONE!

SIT STILL, ALICE,
I'LL GET IT!

R-R-R-R

RING

R-R-R

GREAT SCOTT! NO RACE TO THE
PHONE TONIGHT! CINDY DIDN'T
EVEN LOOK UP FROM HER
BOOK!

RING

OH, CINDY! IT'S
FOR YOU!!

HELLO-THAT YOU, KITTY?
I'M SORRY, BUT I'M TOO
BUSY TO TALK NOW.
G'BYE, KITTY!

!?!?

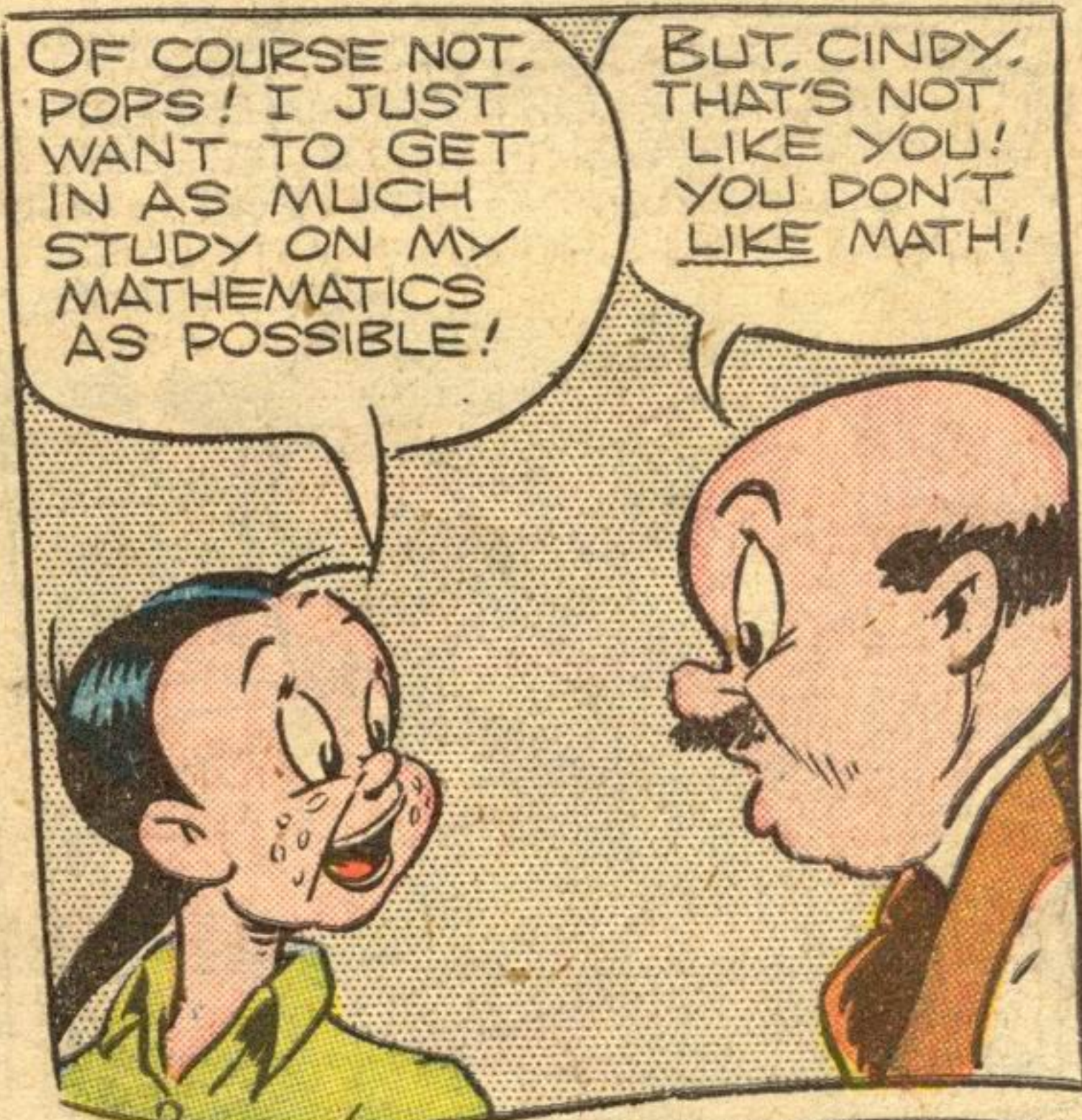
I MUST BE HAVING A DREAM!
WHY, SHE NEVER STOPS SHORT
OF AN HOUR ON THESE EVENING
GAB-FESTS!

SWISH

CLICK!

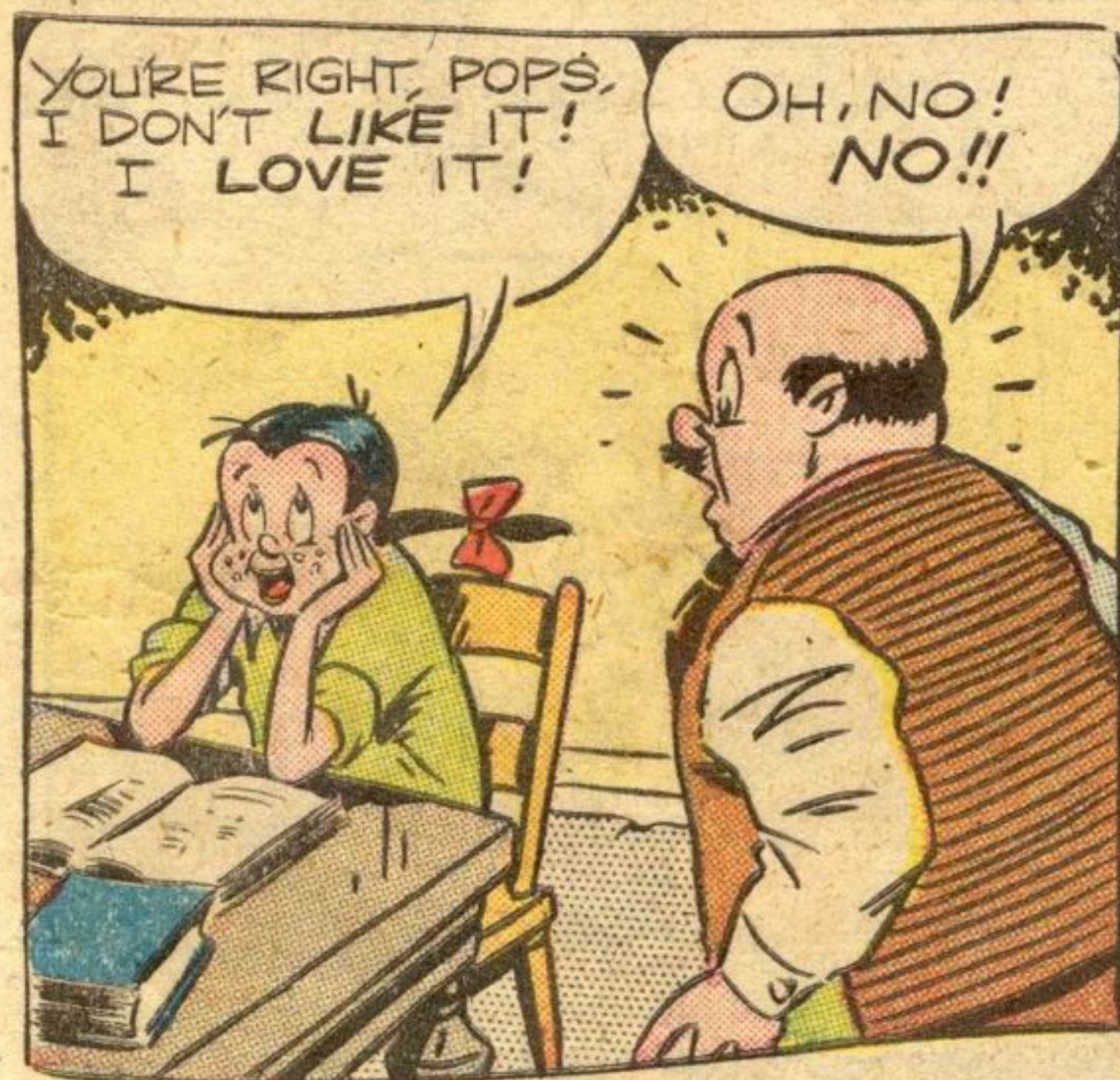


LUCINDA O'RELLA! WHAT'S COME OVER YOU? ARE YOU ILL?



OF COURSE NOT, POPS! I JUST WANT TO GET IN AS MUCH STUDY ON MY MATHEMATICS AS POSSIBLE!

BUT, CINDY, THAT'S NOT LIKE YOU! YOU DON'T LIKE MATH!



YOU'RE RIGHT, POPS, I DON'T LIKE IT! I LOVE IT!

OH, NO! NO!!



ALICE, THERE'S SOMETHING RADICALLY WRONG WITH OUR CINDY!!

OH, I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT, GEORGE!



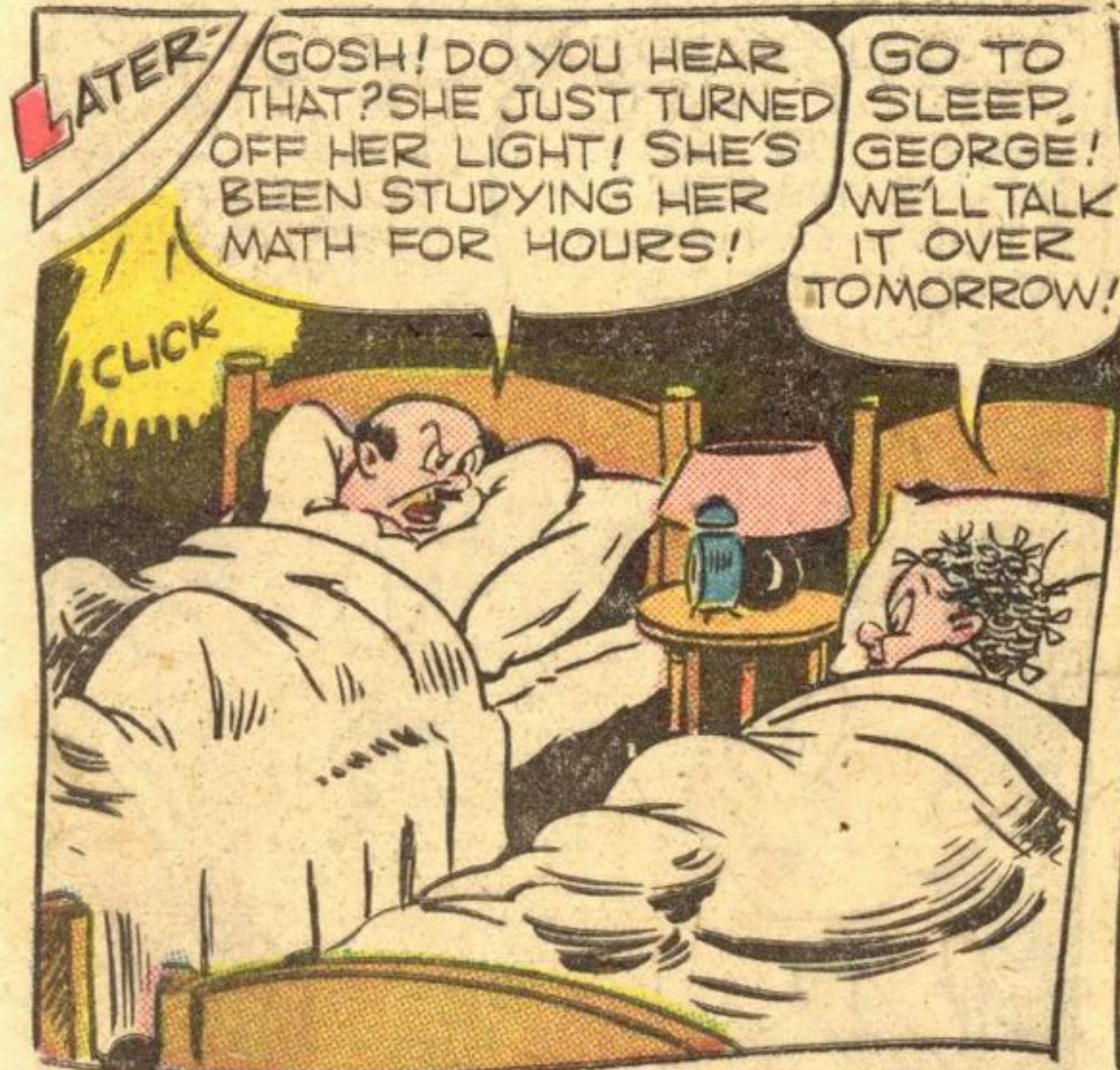
HOW CAN I HELP WORRYING! WE'VE ALL BEEN MATHEMATICS HATERS FOR GENERATIONS!

--AND NOW CINDY COMES ALONG AND STARTS A NEW ERA!



BUT IT ISN'T NORMAL FOR A CHILD TO LIKE THE STUFF!

TIMES HAVE CHANGED, GEORGE! WITH THE NEW PROGRESSIVE TEACHING, A CHILD CAN BE MADE TO LIKE ANYTHING!



LATER!

GOSH! DO YOU HEAR THAT? SHE JUST TURNED OFF HER LIGHT! SHE'S BEEN STUDYING HER MATH FOR HOURS!

GO TO SLEEP, GEORGE! WE'LL TALK IT OVER TOMORROW!



WE WON'T TALK IT OVER! WE'LL GO TO THE SCHOOL AND FIND OUT ABOUT THIS PROGRESSIVE TEACHING ROUTINE! IF THEY CAN MAKE CINDY LIKE MATHEMATICS SO MUCH, MAYBE WE CAN GET THE SAME RESULTS ON DOING THE DISHES!

THAT'S A NOBLE IDEA, GEORGE! GOOD NIGHT!

NEXT DAY!



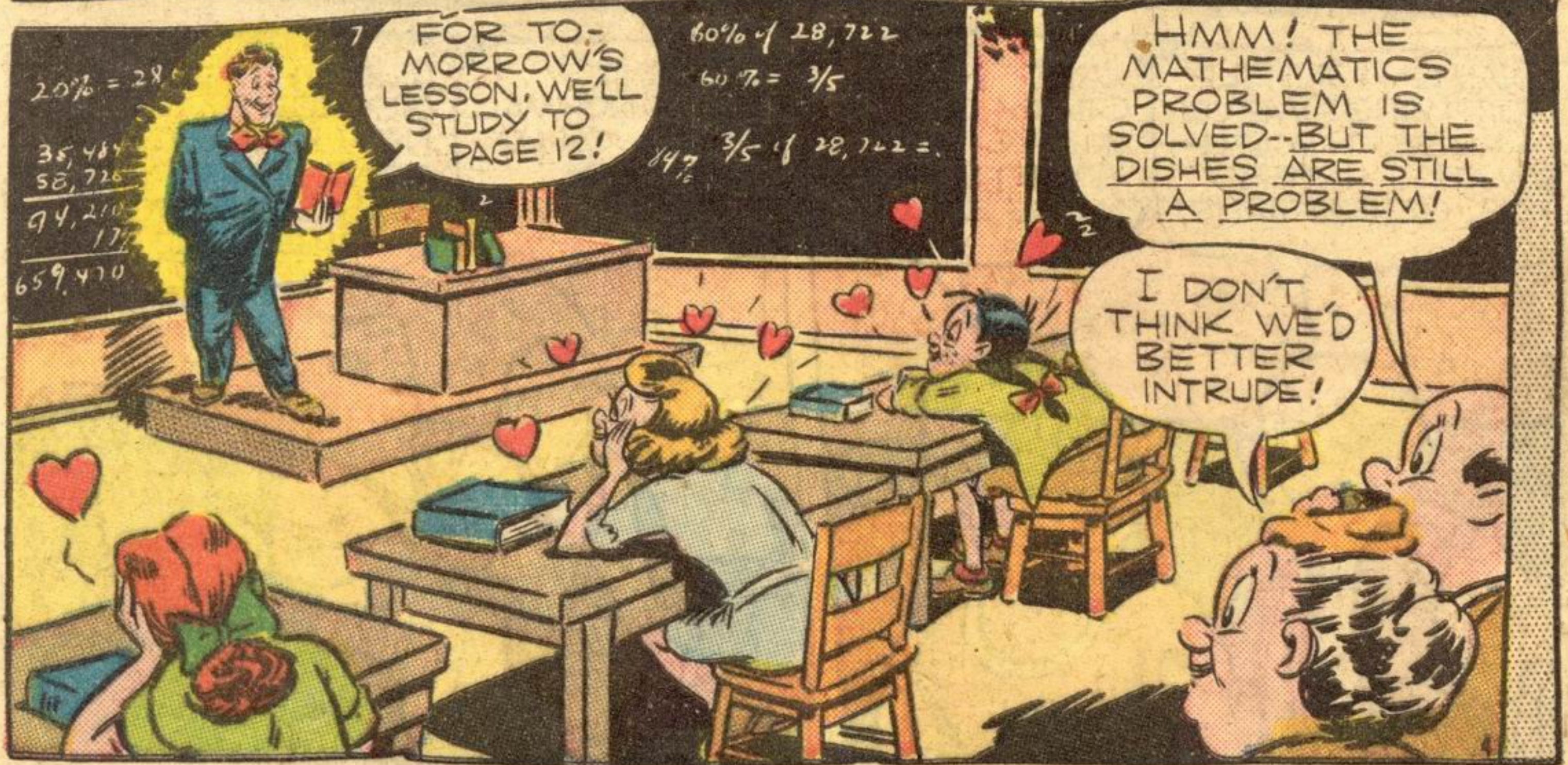
THIS IS THE SCHOOL, DEAR! PARK THE CAR AND LET'S GET OUR LESSON IN PROGRESSIVE TEACHING!

RIGHT! AND I HOPE WE GET RESULTS!



I GUESS THIS IS THE CLASS ROOM, ALL RIGHT! LET'S GO IN!

I HOPE CINDY'S TEACHER IS AN UNDERSTANDING WOMAN!



$20\% = 28$

$35,484$
 $58,726$
 $94,210$
 177
 $659,470$

FOR TOMORROW'S LESSON, WE'LL STUDY TO PAGE 12!

$60\% \text{ of } 18,722$

$60\% = \frac{3}{5}$

$84\frac{7}{10} \times \frac{3}{5} \text{ of } 28,742 =$

HMM! THE MATHEMATICS PROBLEM IS SOLVED--BUT THE DISHES ARE STILL A PROBLEM!

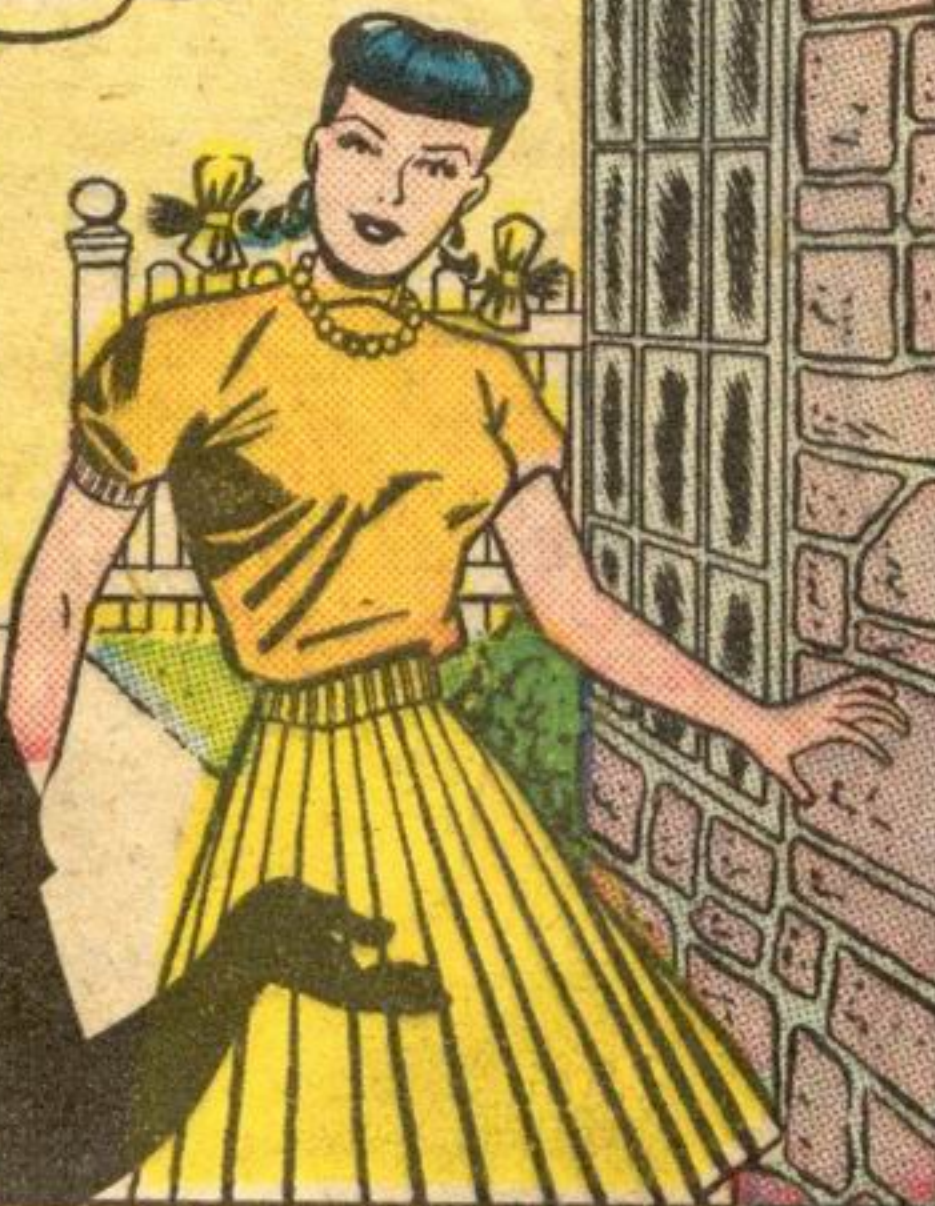
I DON'T THINK WE'D BETTER INTRUDE!

DEBBIE

by AL HARTLEY

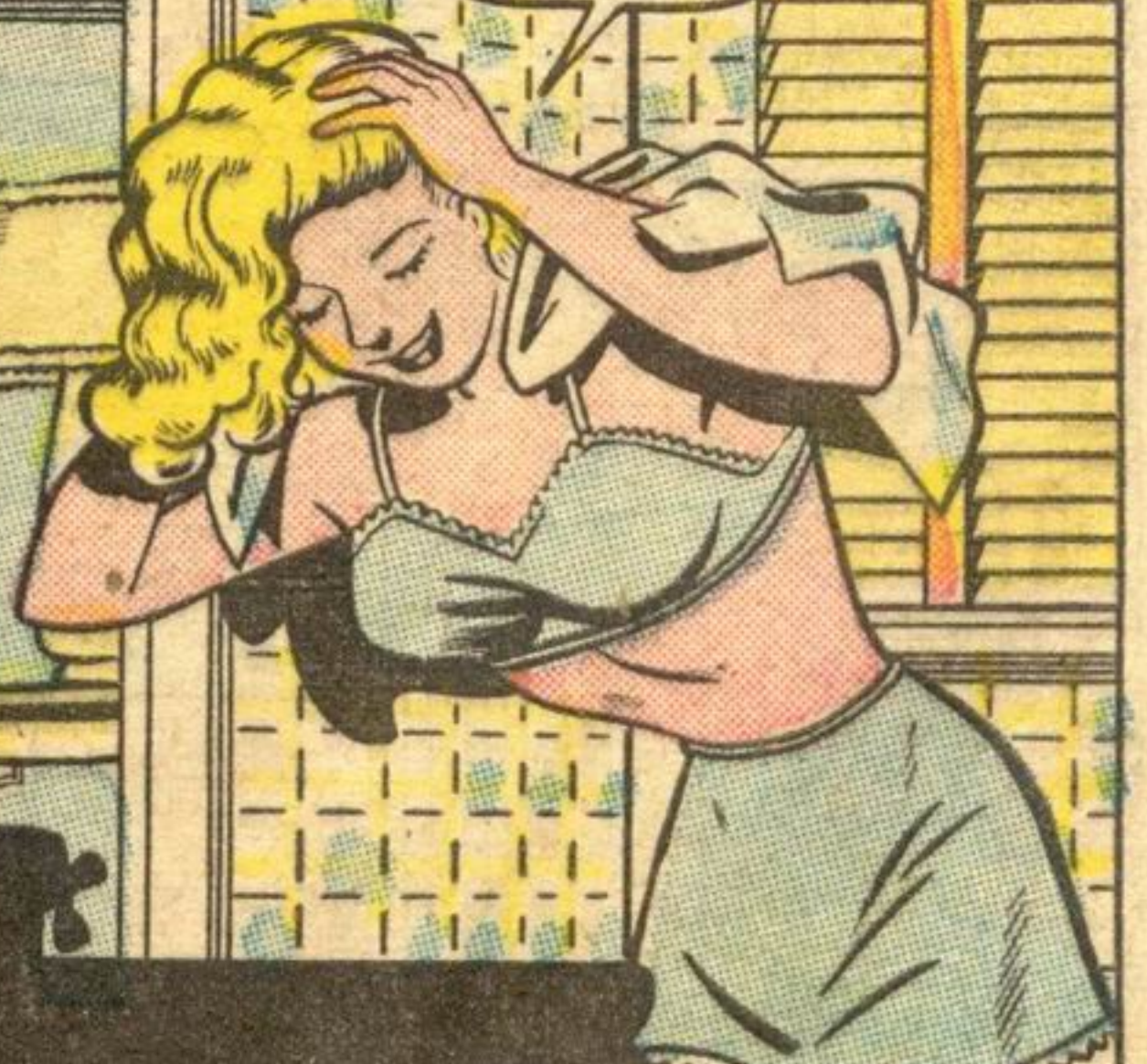


DEBBIE'S UPSTAIRS,
WASHING HER HAIR!
YOU CAN GO UP,
HOLLY!



HI,
DEBBIE!

GRAB SOME COMFORT
AND SQUAT, HOLLY!
BE WITH YOU IN A
JIFFY!



Meanwhile...

GUESS I'LL BUZZ OVER TO DEBBIE'S! GOTTA DATE HER FOR THE SWING-DING SATURDAY, IF I CAN!

SAY, DEBBIE, DON'T YOU GET A BANG OUT OF THESE "BEFORE AND AFTER" ADS?

THERE'S MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY TO THEM, SWEETHEART! I'M NO SLOUCH WHEN I'M DOLLED UP, BUT LOOK AT ME WITH MY HAIR IN CURLERS!

LOOKS LIKE I'M WIRED FOR SOUND! I'D SURE HATE TO HAVE MY PICTURE TAKEN LIKE THIS!

WHAT DID YOU SAY?... I CAN'T HEAR YOU WITH THAT WATER RUNNING!

I SAID I'D HATE TO HAVE MY PICTURE TAKEN LIKE THIS!

IS THIS OPPORTUNITY BASHING MY DOOR? I'M HERE TO GIVE DEBBIE AN INVITE, BUT IT'S A CINCHE SHE'LL GIVE ME HER USUAL NO! I'VE GOT A CAMERA... HMMM, MAYBE A LITTLE BLACKMAIL COULD SWING THIS DEAL!

GO AHEAD... BURY YOUR SCRUPLES! THIS SET-UP IS A NATURAL FOR A GUY OF YOUR TALENTS!



OHHH! GIVE ME THAT!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE! THIS IS GOING TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK... UNLESS...

BLACKMAIL! ROMEO, YOU'RE A KODAK-CAD!

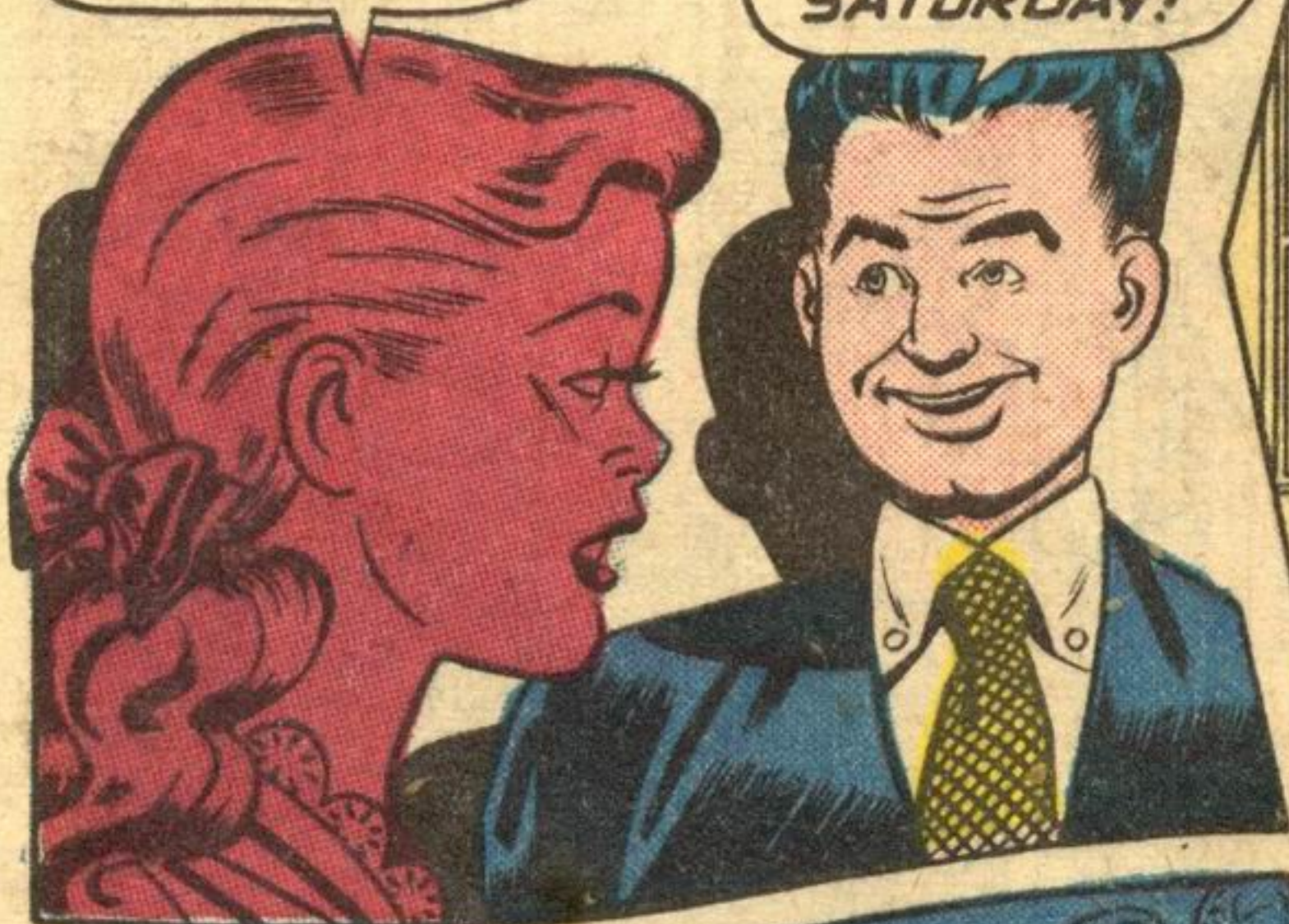
I HAVE NO SCRUPLES WHERE YOU'RE CONCERNED, DEBBIE!



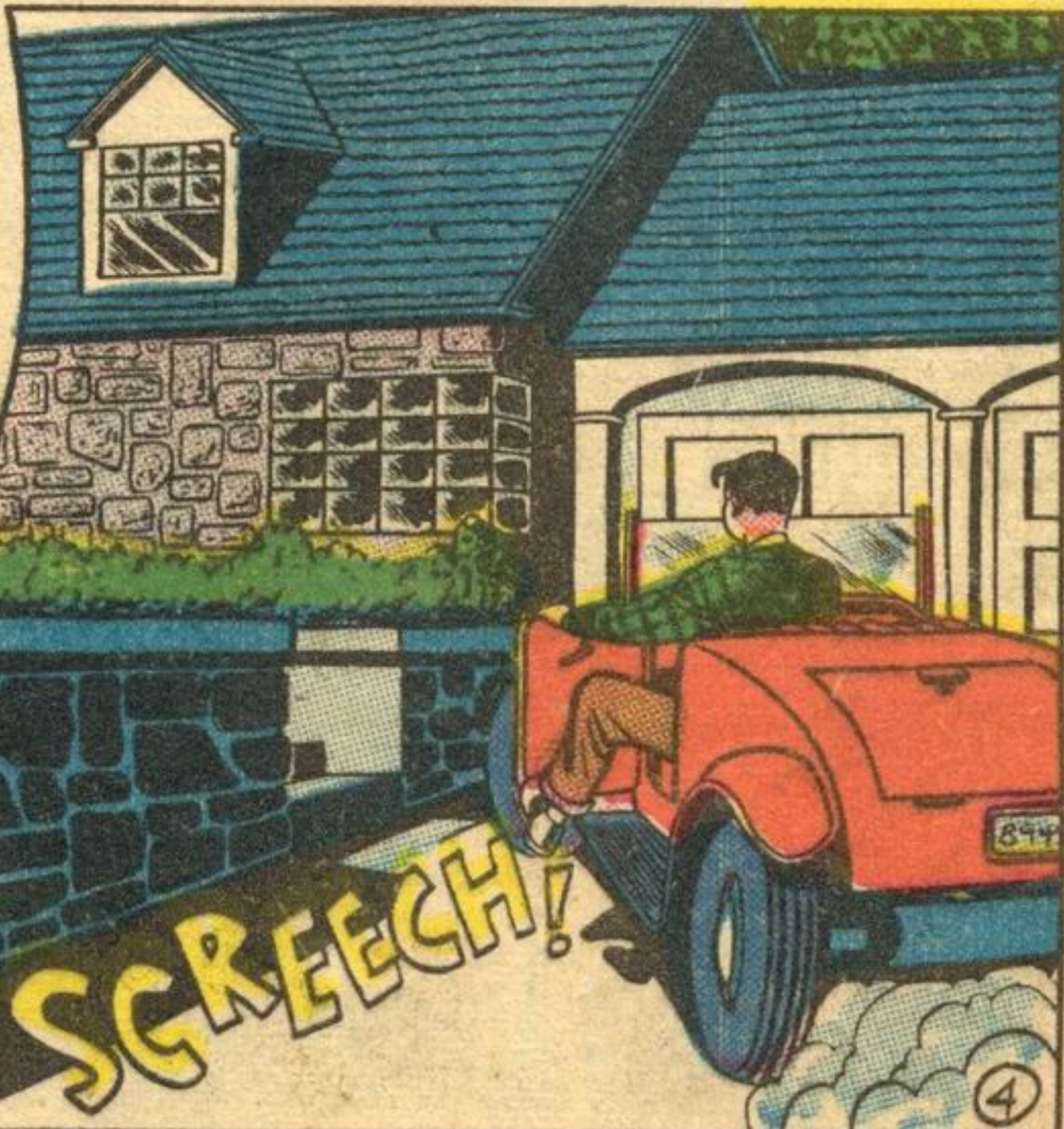
I SUPPOSE THERE'S A PRICE TO KEEP IT OUT OF PRINT!... WHAT IS IT?

CHEAP ENOUGH... JUST BE MY DATE AT THE SWING-DING SATURDAY!

GET SHUFFLING, YOU CHISELER... AND DON'T EVER COME BACK!



WHAT TO DO...WHAT TO DO?...WHAT I NEED IS A GALLANT KNIGHT ON A WHITE CHARGER!





OH, PICKLES! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

DITTO, DEBBIE! WHAT COOKS?

DEBBIE TELLS HER PROBLEM...

YOU'VE GOT TO GET THAT PICTURE BACK! I DON'T CARE **HOW!**

GOSH, DEBBIE, I'M NOT PERRY **MASON!** WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?

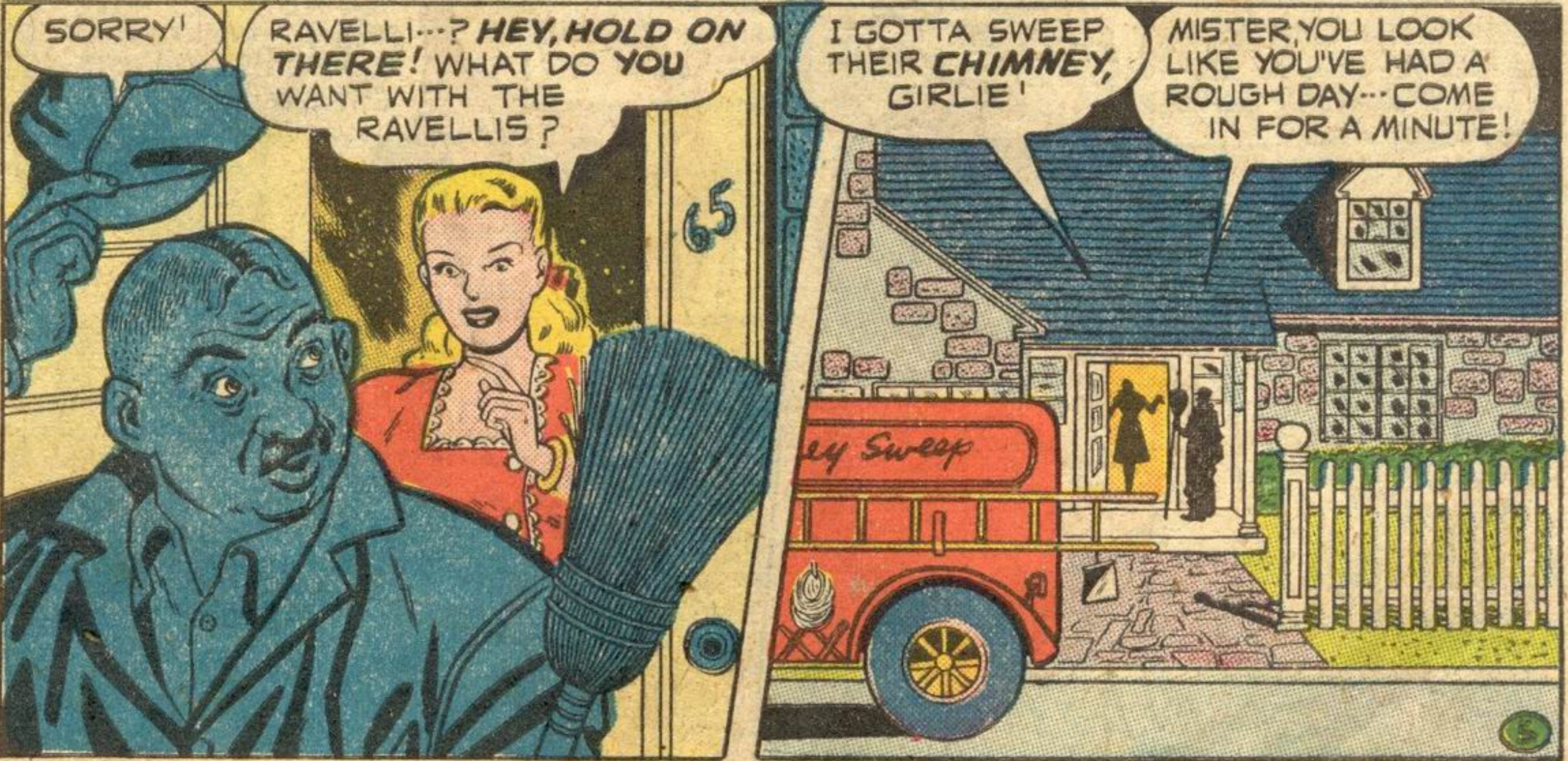


WELL, I'LL TRY TO ANGLE **SOMETHING** OUT, BUT...

THERE'S THE DOORBELL... I'LL GET IT!

IS THIS THE **RAVELLI** RESIDENCE?

NO, THEY LIVE AT 65 LINCOLN ROAD... THIS IS 65 MONROE STREET!

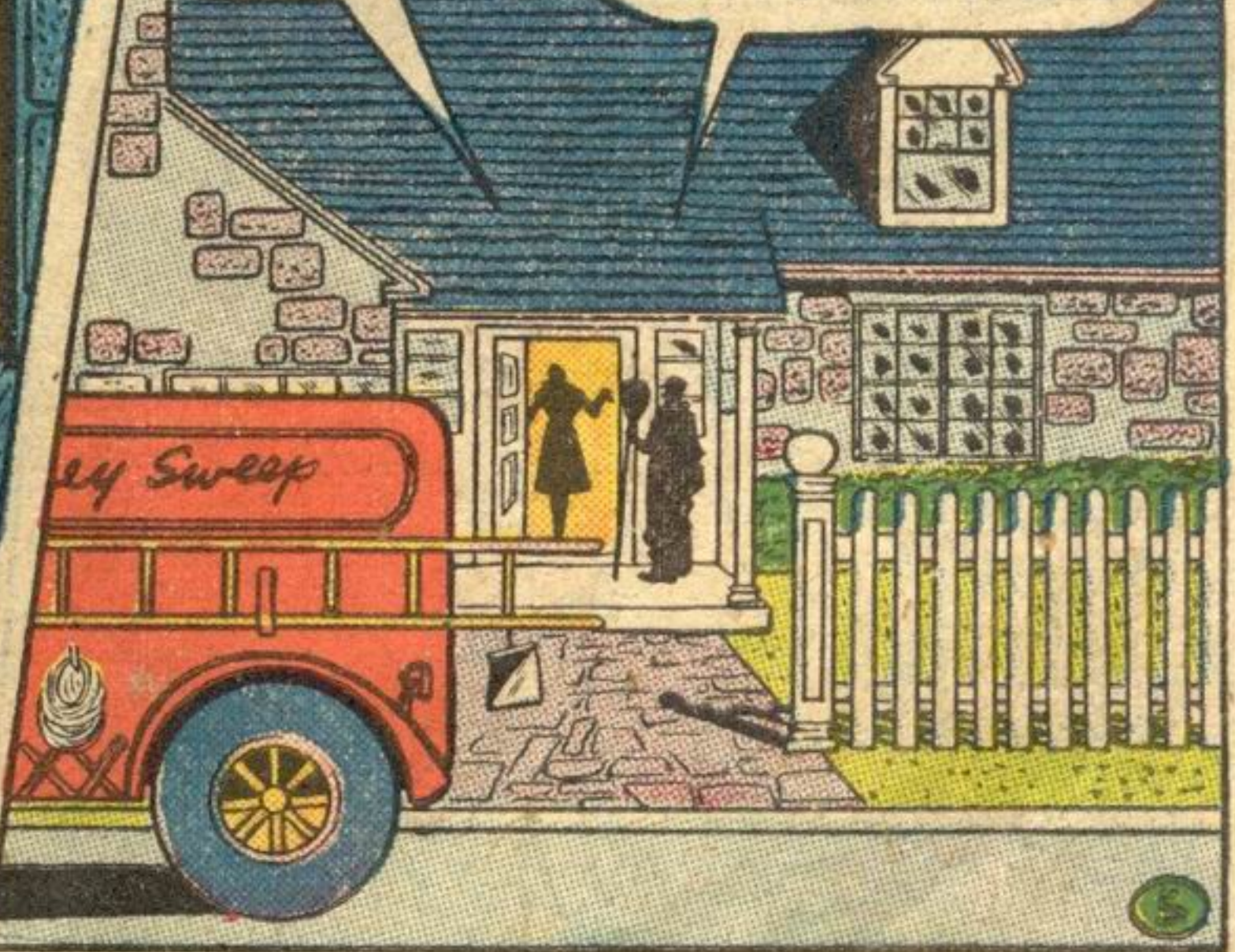


SORRY!

RAVELLI...? **HEY, HOLD ON THERE!** WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH THE RAVELLIS?

I GOTTA SWEEP THEIR **CHIMNEY**, GIRLIE!

MISTER, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE HAD A ROUGH DAY... COME IN FOR A MINUTE!





HUH? ME
COME IN?

ABSO! YOU JUST LEAVE EVERY-
THING RIGHT HERE, COME INSIDE
AND RELAX! I'M GOING TO MAKE
YOU SOME COFFEE AND CAKE!



NOW JUST SIT HERE, PLAY MY
RECORDS AND GET COMFY...
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK WITH
SOME CHOW!

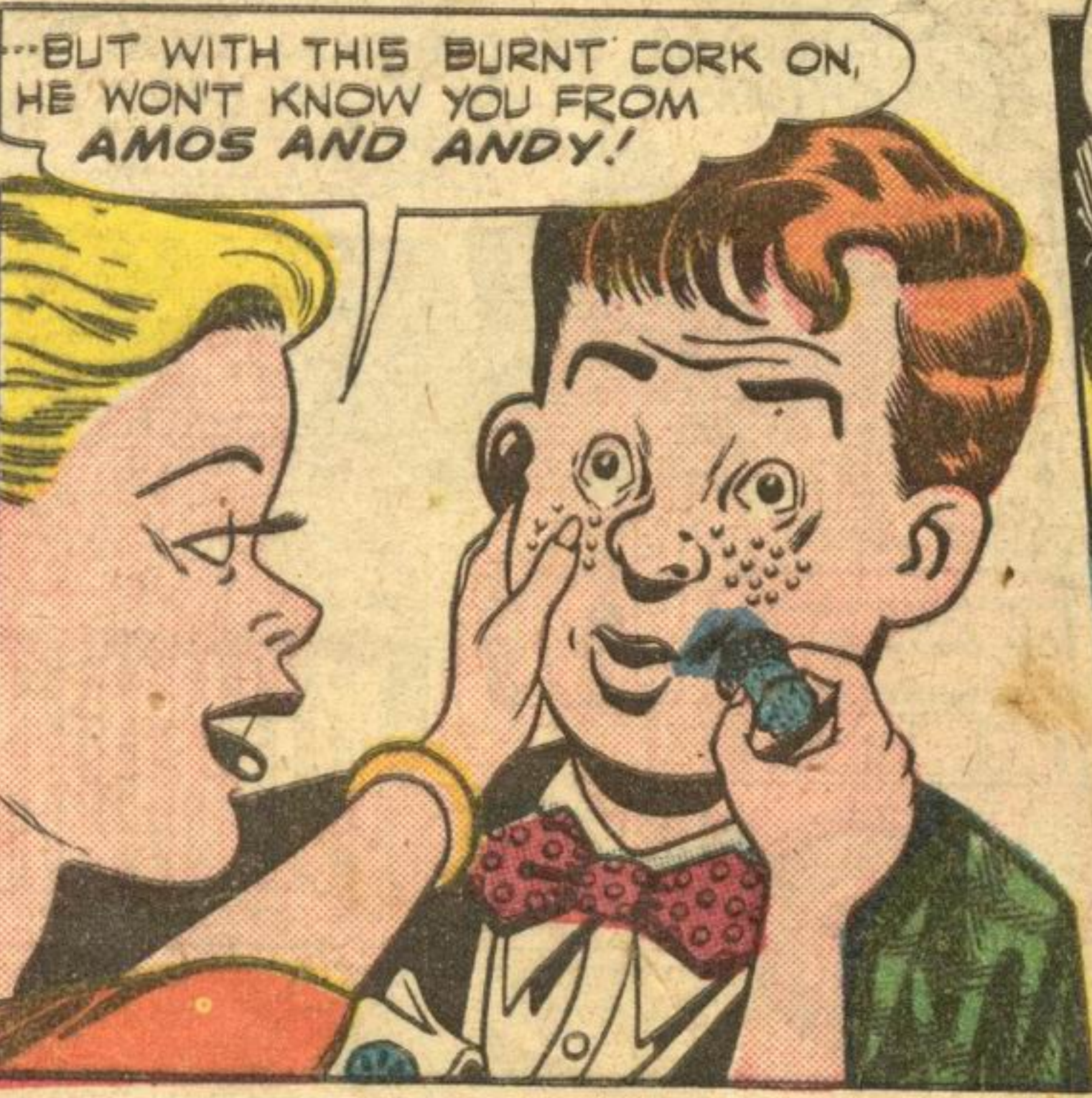


PICKLES, THIS IS YOUR CHANCE! I'LL
KEEP THIS MAN HERE! YOU TAKE
HIS PLACE AND GO OVER TO
RAVELLI'S... THEN YOU CAN GET
THAT PICTURE, DON'T YOU SEE?



ARE YOU KIDDIN'?
ROMEO LOVES ME
LIKE THE MEASLES!
HE'LL NEVER LET
ME IN!

NATCH, HE
WON'T... IF
HE KNOWS
WHO YOU
ARE!



...BUT WITH THIS BURNT CORK ON,
HE WON'T KNOW YOU FROM
AMOS AND ANDY!



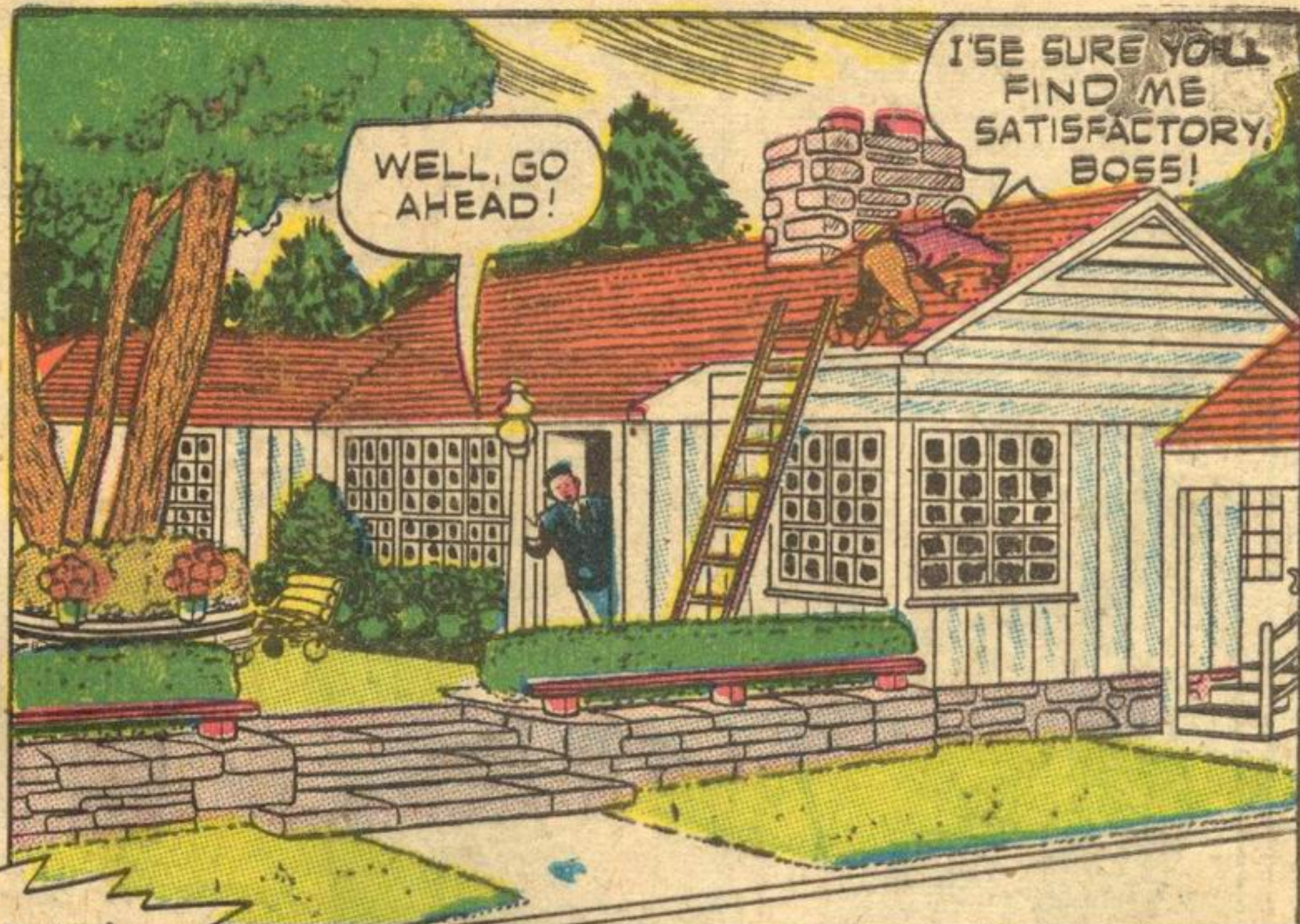
MR RAVELLI, I'VE
HEAH TO SWEEP
YO' CHIMNEY!

YOU'RE A NEW MAN,
AREN'T YOU? WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE
OTHER FELLOW?

OH, HE HAD TO QUIT!
HE CAME DOWN
WITH THE **FLUE!**

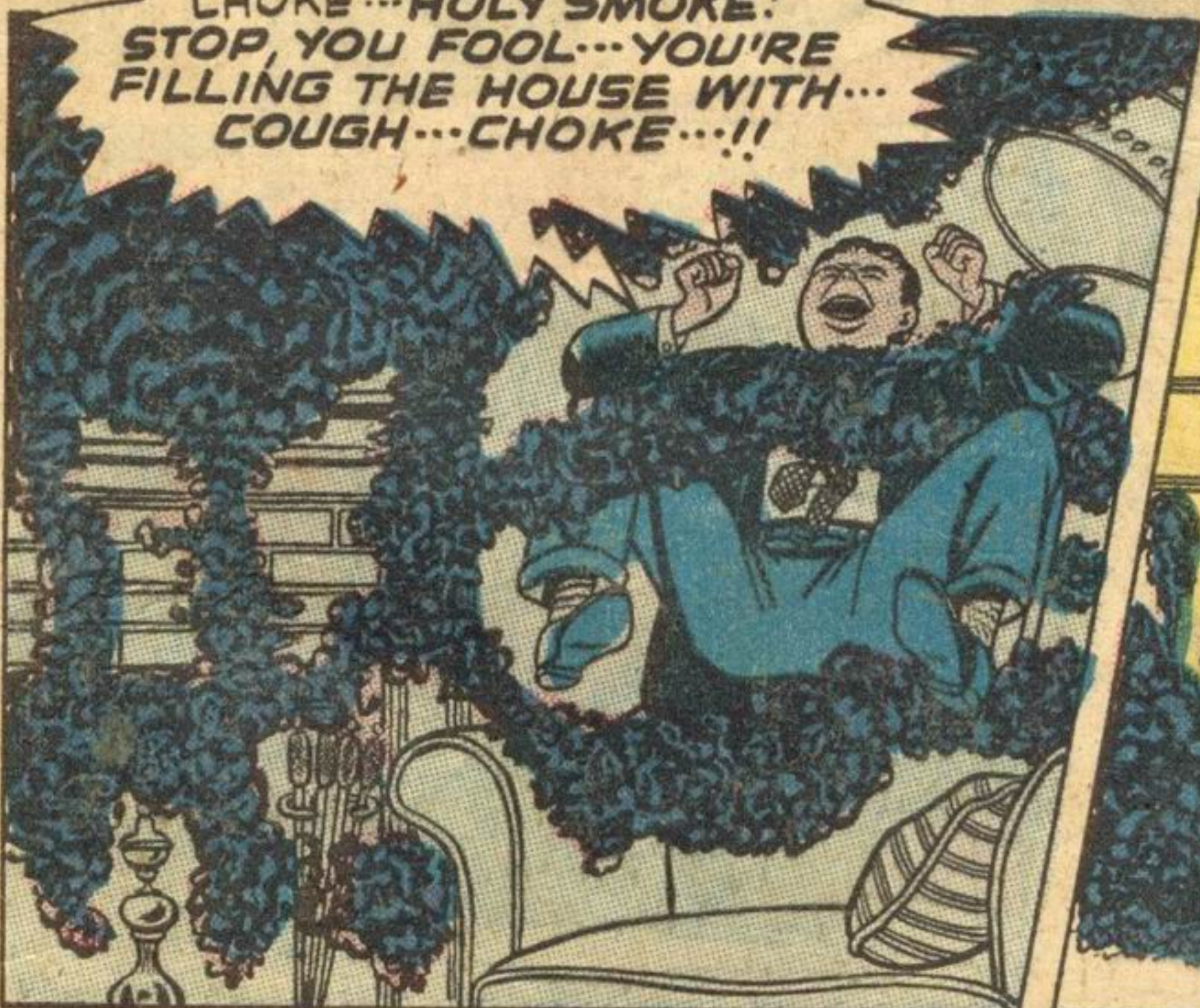


WELL, GO
AHEAD!



I'VE SURE YOU'LL
FIND ME
SATISFACTORY,
BOSS!

SNIFF-SNIFF-
CHOKE...**HOLY SMOKE!**
STOP, YOU FOOL...YOU'RE
FILLING THE HOUSE WITH...
COUGH...CHOKE...!!



AH! HERE'S THE PICTURE...AND
HERE'S THE NEGATIVE! NOW TO
ESCAPE UNDER A BLANKET OF
SMOKE AND CONFUSION!



PICKLES, THAT CHIMNEY
ACT WAS **GRATE!** NOW
WE CAN GO TO THE
DANCE TOGETHER!



BUT RIGHT NOW, LET'S
GO INTO THE DARK
ROOM AND SEE
WHAT DEVELOPS!



ZOOT

---AND I THOUGHT THAT AS LONG'S I'M GOING TO THE DANCE WITH COOKIE, YOU'D BE GOOD ENOUGH TO TAKE MY COUSIN MATILDA, ZOOT!

HUH? SORRY, ANGELPUSS... BUT THERE'LL BE NO BLIND DATES FOR YOURS TRULY! UH-UH!

d.g.

WOW!



HEY, JIT---**QUICK!** WHO'S THAT GORGEOUS DOLL WITH COOKIE?

HER? WHY, THAT'S **MATILDA** ---A COUSIN OF---

MATILDA! SAY NO MORE! HEY, ANGELPUSS... WAIT!

?

LOOK, HONEYPIE---I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! WHY, I'D BE **DEE-LIGHTED** TA TAKE YER COUSIN TA THE DANCE!

OH, **ZOOT**---YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! THANKS **MILLIONS!**

MEET MY **COUSIN MATILDA!**

FUNNY, ISN'T IT, **COOKIE?** YOU AN' ANGELPUSS **BOTH** HAVIN' COUSINS BY THE SAME NAME!

ULP!

LORRIE

by AL
HARTLEY

MOTHER, WHAT
TIME DO YOU
HAVE?

IT'S 6:45,
LORRIE!

GOLLY WEEPER!
SOMETHING'S GOTTA
BE DONE IN THIS
HOUSE!



THE KITCHEN CLOCK SAYS 6:30,
THE GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK SAYS
6:50, AND MY BEDROOM ALARM
SAYS 7:00!



AND WHY MUST YOU
HAVE SUCH POSITIVELY
ACCURATE TIME?



WHY, MOTHER! I'VE A DATE WITH
PHIL AT 7:15! I'M TO MEET HIM AT
THE CORNER, AND WITH TIME SO
UTTERLY INDEFINITE AROUND
HERE, I'M RUNNING A DREADFUL
RISK...



...OF GETTING THERE
ON TIME!



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